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## ADDRESS.

THE PROPRIETORS of the ATHENÆUM, from their own honest anxiety, and in compliance with the desire of many well-informed persons, to extend as much as possible the diffusion of General Literature and Useful Knowledge, have resolved, that on and after the first Saturday in August, this Paper shall be REDUCED IN PRICE, from Eightpence to FOURPENCE.

No change whatever will be made in the management—the Proprietors, Editor, and Contributors remain the same; and it will still be conducted with the zeal, ability, and integrity, which have gained for it the highest commendation from nearly one hundred contemporary Journals.

It is under these circumstances that the Proprietors feel justified in soliciting the support of all those who have the Moral Improvement of Society at heart. Without such aid, the present hazardous attempt will be a serious sacrifice. The friends to the diffusion of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge cannot but feel that the circulation of such a Paper has a MORAL INFLUENCE on Society; confined to subjects connected with LITERATURE, SCIENCE, and ART, the chief agents of civilization, it must do good to the extent of its circulation; and to extend its range of usefulness to the utmost, the Proprietors have resolved on this great reduction in price.

The force of this reasoning has always been felt by the Proprietors; and the experiment would have been made at the beginning of this year, but that intelligent friends earnestly advised that it should be deferred until the character of the Paper was more generally known and firmly established. The Proprietors see no reason for further delay: and, as they stood on no half measures heretofore with puffing and trade criticism, when resolute in their intention to subdue the bad power of servile Literary Publications, and to lead the public mind to a healthier patronage and a more independent tone of thought—so they stand on none now; and as they found the reward of uncompromising integrity in public opinion, so do they now put their trust in public support;—they only hope it will be remembered that the experiment is a bold and hazardous one—and that at least the old friends of the Paper, who must benefit so much by the change, will cordially and heartily serve them—and thus serve them effectively.

## REVIEWS

LARDNER'S CABINET CYCLOPEDIA, No. XX.  
*The History of Poland.* London, 1831.  
Longman & Co.

THE public have lately been presented with one 'History of Poland' from the pen of Mr. Fletcher, and, only one month afterwards, out comes another History, as different from the former as light is from darkness,—not perhaps so much in historical details as in opinions; for while Mr. Fletcher seems to anticipate a speedy triumph and a regeneration of the Polish people, Dr. Lardner is willing to defend the tyranny of the Autocrat, and builds an idea of a speedy annihilation of the Polish patriots on the magnitude and the power of

Russia. The work begins with the origin of the Poles, and gives the old hackneyed story of Lech I., who lived about the middle of the sixth century—who found an eagle's nest—called the place Gnesna, "a nest," and made the representation of that bird the banners of the nation—built a hut, and caused his example to be followed by others—hence a city, a duke, and so on, in regular gradation, until Poland was a nation—a kingdom—the bulwark of Europe—the defender of Vienna—the abode of science and learning—the protector of religion—the strenuous advocate of freedom—a divided country—a parcelled land—a regenerated republic. In short, like many other histories, and contrary to the professions† in the preface, this book is a mere historical compilation, put together according to chronological events—heavy at the beginning, dull in the middle, and erroneous at the end. Having taken the liberty of expressing our sentiments according to our invariable rule—"strict impartiality"—we shall take the trouble of producing the only part done by the author, "the preface," to satisfy all reasonable men of the fulsome flattery of the pages touching the mighty Nicholas, and the ease with which the writer warps and distorts truth. He sets out with the following laudable declaration:—

"To that numerous, to that all indeed but universal class of politicians who at present praise everything that is Polish and decry everything that is Muscovite, [here is the cloven foot plain enough]—who, with one voice, predict the inevitable if not speedy triumph of the Poles—his wish to do justice to the Russians may be construed into approbation of their cause. He protests against such interpretation of his feelings. If he has a prejudice for either party, it is for the weaker. While he expresses his impression, that, unless some extraordinary circumstance intervene, the Poles, almost superhuman as is their valour, must eventually fall, he deeply and sincerely laments the probability of that catastrophe."

This is what the vulgar call blowing hot and cold at the same moment; but as the learned compiler had made up his mind that ultimately the desperate valour of the Poles must be crushed—that before long they must bend the knee in servile obedience to their former sovereign, he thinks it proper to place the Emperor in the most glowing colours, as a perfect pattern of humanity and benevolence. On this point we are going to differ not a little from the learned compiler, who has allowed his love of the Emperor to get the better of common sense. Before, how-

† There is nothing more delightful than the entire confidence of the *Literary Gazette* in all Messrs. Longman's Cyclopædia writers. This History of Poland has fifteen lines of servicable commendation bestowed on it; and the following is part of that brief CRITICISM: "The author assures us that he has exercised a most impartial judgment in speaking of Poles and Russians." *Nous verrons!*

ever, we proceed to place this in a proper light, we beg to say, that, touching the private character of Nicholas, we believe no sovereign of this or any other nation ever possessed a more unblemished reputation: he is, and we know it, a kind and affectionate husband, a good father, and, to those to whom he is attached, a steady friend. Now we will quote the preface again—the italics are our own:—

"Nor, while advocating the Polish cause—the cause of justice, of humanity, and of policy—must the author withhold the meed of praise to some acts of the Russian Emperor, who, in the strictest manner, enjoined his troops, *not merely to refrain from the slightest wanton outrage, but to show themselves the protectors, the friends of the peasantry.*"

Good God! that Dr. Lardner, or Doctor anybody else, could coolly sit down and pen such a paragraph in the very face of Diebitsch's manifesto on entering Poland, is beyond common imagination. Can he be ignorant that Diebitsch issued a manifesto, in which those of higher grade who refused at once to succumb, were to be condemned to death by a military tribunal: although this merciful Emperor had a law in his code, that no subject of Russia should suffer death for any crime?—(we are willing to admit his accession to his throne was followed by the infliction of that sentence upon six lawful subjects of Russia); does Dr. Lardner forget that soldiers of inferior grade were, one and all, to be drafted into the Siberian regiments, and that the peasantry found in arms were (blessings on the kind humanity of a fond sovereign!) to form colonies in those distant parts?—and then, what follows this precious ebullition of humanity?—this, reader, this:—

"There is no evidence to prove that these orders have been in the main disobeyed, whatever isolated instances of their infraction—possibly exaggerated by a partial press—have been adduced."

Have not the Berlin papers (certainly a very partial press, but in favour of Russia,) mentioned case upon case of aggravated cruelty, rapacious insolence, and murderous tyranny? Do we not know that villages have been plundered, women ravished, children slaughtered, and works destroyed by those harpies of human blood, the Cossacks?—and why?—why, because the Poles, finding their charter a dead letter—that Russians ruled where Poles only should have had authority—that justice had laid aside her scales, or only weighed delinquencies according to the wish of that arch-tyrant Constantine—that mercy was to be found only in the fortress of St. Petersburg—that subsidies were drawn from the nearly-empty pockets of the Poles, to feed and to support the Russian army—that the Polish troops were withdrawn, or attempted to be so, from their own country, in despite

of the very words of their charter—and when, summoning up the true courage which has always run in the Polish veins, they dared to break the chains which bound them to their own soil as base slaves, we are told, in Dr. Lardner's best language, that their sovereign was merciful; and that *he would have* listened to their complaints and redressed their wrongs, if he had ever heard that such wrongs existed. Here are the Doctor's words—we heartily wish him joy of them:—

"Of the just complaints brought against his government by the Poles, he (the Emperor) has since said, and there is no reason to doubt his sincerity, that he was ignorant; nor will this circumstance surprise any one acquainted with the extreme difficulty of complaints ever meeting the imperial notice. They have to pass through such an army of underlings, scattered over so immense a line of communications—all suspicious of their misdeeds being exposed, and consequently vigilant to prevent the exposure—that their arrival at their destination is little less than miraculous."

What will Dr. Granville say to this, when he, like our compiler of the History of Poland, declares the Emperor saw every case, rectified false judgments, released the oppressed, and was the father of his people. But all this fulsome flattery is unavailing: one may receive a diamond snuff-box, or a brilliant ring for writing what we know to have been impossible; and others snuff at the rich prospect; but can any man believe this statement?—"In 1826, 2,850,000 causes had come before the different tribunals of the empire; and the Emperor, not satisfied with the ordinary routine of affairs, having the good and happiness of his people in view, traced out to himself other tasks and other duties. The additional burthen which he imposed upon himself is that of looking over the reports of every arrest and imprisonment within his empire": which is, according to the above numbers, merely *five cases for every minute throughout the year, night and day without intermission!*

That the Emperor did know of the Polish grievance is beyond a doubt: he alone issues the ukases—the army is moved by his direction; and if, as Dr. Lardner says, owing to the supine indifference of this Father of his People, the grand Duke Constantine omitted to transmit the regular reports of his viceregal government, why does not the Emperor convince the Poles of the sincerity of his good intentions by punishing the man who withheld in his tyrant grasp the constant complaints of the Poles? What we complain of is, the pretended wish of success to the Polish cause, and still the evident leaning towards Russia throughout the whole work: we hate and despise this Janus-like proceeding; and we are quite confident that all true lovers of freedom will join in our view of the subject, and feel the same scorn of such double-faced proceedings.

Having given a fair specimen of the Preface, we will give Dr. Lardner's account of some part of the revolution, in which the same shuffle will be observed—one moment all in favour of the Poles, the next exactly against them. We give his own words from page 268:—

"By article 10 of the Constitutional Charter, the Russian troops, when required to pass through Poland, were to be at the entire charge of the Tsar's treasury: for years, however, they were stationed at Warsaw—evidently to overawe the

population—at the expense of the inhabitants. Then the violations of individual liberty (in opposition to art. 18 to 21), the difficulty of procuring passports, the misapplication of the revenue to objects other than those to which it was raised—to the reimbursement of the secret police, for instance,—the nomination of men as senators without the necessary qualifications, and who had no other merit than that of being creatures of the government, were infractions of the Charter as wanton as they were intended to be humiliating.

"The army was as much dissatisfied as the nation. The ungovernable temper, and the consequent excesses of Constantine—the useless but vexatious manoeuvres which he introduced—his rigorous mode of exercise, fitted for no others than frames of adamant—and, above all, his overbearing manner towards the best and highest officers of the service, raised him enemies on every side."

So much for Constantine on the cold side, now for the hot—a kind of salve for the sore:—

"His good qualities—and he has many—were wholly overlooked amidst his ebullitions of fury, and the unjustifiable, often cruel, acts he committed while under their influence. On ordinary occasions, when his temper is not ruffled, no man can make himself more agreeable, no man can exhibit more—not of courtesy, for he is too rough for it—but of warmheartedness; and his generosity, in pecuniary matters, is almost boundless."

About as pretty a picture of a biped tiger as we ever remember to have read. Once more,—

"But the worst remains yet to be told. Russian money and influence were unblushingly employed in the dietines, to procure the return to the general diet of such members only as were known to care less for their country than for their own fortunes. Then, instead of a diet being held every two years (in accordance with art. 87), none was convoked from 1820 to 1825; and only one after the accession of Nicholas. Finally, an ordinance (issued in 1825) abolished the publicity of the debates in the two chambers; and the most distinguished members of opposition were forcibly removed from Warsaw the night preceding the opening of the diet." p. 296.

This is a fair description of some of the grievances—but here follows the salve again:

"In examining these and a few minor complaints urged with much force by the Polish organs, no one will hesitate to admit that, however the colouring in this picture may be overcharged—and overcharged it unquestionably is—the nation had but too much cause for discontent."

We are tired of the book, and of reviewing it; but, in conclusion, we should like Dr. Lardner to inform us what he means by, and where he got his authority for, the following passage:—

"It is, however, useless to anticipate: time is on the wing. Though the author of this compendium knows that the result is regarded with apprehension by the Poles themselves," &c. 277.

It certainly does appear strange, that a nation which has regenerated itself,—which has beat its oppressors in every battle they have fought—who have extended their revolution into Lithuania, Volhinia, Samogitia, &c. should begin to despair, when they have almost gained the day; and how Dr. Lardner is to know this, is beyond our comprehension. As to recommending the work after what we have said, it would be ridiculous; we lean to the side of Fletcher, who has given a good straightforward ac-

count, and has not closed his work, like the one under consideration, at the very time when it became the most interesting. Our conviction as to the result is this—that, if the Poles keep together as they have done, they must be victorious: for, it is one thing to beat an army, and another to exterminate a nation. There is no fear of foreign interference in favour of Russia, for the different nations viewed the overgrowing power of the Czar's dominion with considerable anxiety; and they well know that Poland, once regenerated, will be a strong barrier against any interference from Russia with the more southern states. As the cause is good, and oppression hateful, we conclude our notice of this work with the sincere hope, that the Poles may be victorious, and become again a great, and a free people!

*A Tale of Tucuman; with Digressions, English and American.* By Junius Redivivus. London, 1831. E. Wilson.

*Reform: a Poem.* By H. J. Paull. London, 1831. Whittaker & Co.

POETRY, descriptive poetry, is a solacing thing in hot weather; it possesses many of the virtues that we remember to have seen, in an old pamphlet, attributed to Tea on its first appearance—cooling the blood, clearing the head, refreshing the spirits, driving out ill-humours, and of course substituting good ones. If the poetry be good—no matter whether good old, or good new, so that it deal in descriptions of nature—we wish nothing better than to read it under a tree, sheltered from the sun, and forgetful of the Reform Bill. But we stipulate for poetry analogous to the season and the scenery—gentle, yet bright—luxuriant in beauty, not horror—and yielding a harvest to gladden meditation, and make the heart better. Tragic, satiric, and political poems, we beg to adjourn to "this day six months;" when other leaves are falling, theirs may open with propriety; when candles come in, and tea-urns hiss—(a sound at present as agreeable as a company of serpents)—verses that claim to be considered biting, may be permitted to open their mouths. Just now, they are unseasonable; yet

Heaven for our sins this summer has thought fit,  
To visit us with all the plagues of wit.

Here is 'Reform,' a poem; and 'A Tale of Tucuman,' by Junius Redivivus—making both together two hundred and sixty-three pages, including notes;—*The Times* and the *Morning Chronicle* "poached in rhyme"—the parliamentary debates cut into short lengths, and made up into jackets of verse, for whomsoever the authors conceive they will fit. The 'Tale of Tucuman' varies its political satire, however, by descriptions of the Gauchos, half a tale of tropical love, various lyrics, and sketches of North American life. Junius Redivivus states in the preface, and states well, that the education of women wants improving, and expresses a hope that his 'Tale' may contribute "to the accomplishment of so desirable an end." There is in the volume sufficient evidence that the author is a clever man, who often writes amusing, and sometimes poetical verses; but he had better put his politics in a pamphlet, and, if he finishes his 'Tale of Tucuman,' (some passages of which are really striking,) keep out all waifs and strays on irrelevant

subjects. The following four verses are a fair specimen, both of the grave and the gay :

There are some strange names up and down New York ;  
As " By-much-tribulation-ye-shall-enter-  
Into Heaven's kingdom Gubbeis." What a work  
To get through with it, a commercial venture,  
A whole firm in a name, or I'm a Turk.  
Conserve God, Tripe Tarbox, a debutante,  
To pay on hearing, overflowing houses  
To any playwright who a farce composes.  
Peabody Duty, perhaps, keeps a store,  
With washing tubs, and wigs, and wafers stocked ;  
And Doctor Quackenbox proclaims the cure  
Of such as are with any illness docked ;  
Diah Alcibiades holds out a lure  
Of sundry articles all nicely cooked ;  
And Phocion Aristides Franklin Tibbs  
Sells ribbands, laces, caps, and slobbering bits.  
Land of—no matter—I am to thee tied  
By the strong feelings of mine earliest youth,  
Which warmed to thee in pleasure and in pride,  
As the abode of Freedom and of Truth ;  
And I have looked on the Potomac's tide,  
Where he who tended Freedom's infant growth  
Sleeps in the silence of his rustic tomb,  
The beacon-name of centuries to come.  
The champion of the freedom of the West,  
The saviour of his country ; wealthy, yet  
All for his country risked he possessed ;  
In all earth's by-gone annals is not met  
One who so well her injuries redressed,  
Or burst, with purer feelings, Slavery's net ;  
The sun has never in his bright course shone  
On one of nobler name than Washington.

The other poem, 'Reform,' is, despite its politics, a very placid performance. Reform served up with sippets ; satire, not on its last legs, but its first, and consequently rather weak. The sharpest lines are merely Lilliputian arrows, that will hardly stick, we think, in the faces of the great and little Gullivers, at whom they are shot. So much for 'Reform,' as a satire. It requires a strong arm to wield effectually that great poetical horse-whip ; and, unlike Rob Roy, we doubt Mr. Paull's possession of " wondrous length and strength of arm." There are, however, good isolated passages, that induce a kindly feeling towards him ; and as a specimen of his more agreeable manner, we subjoin the following :—

Green are thy hills, my Country!—green thy vales !  
A thousand rivers wander through thy dales ;  
Blue are thy skies ; fruitful the beam—the rains—  
That scatter light—life—beauty—o'er thy plains ;  
Sublime and mighty thy encircling wave—  
To thee—a bulwark, to thy foes—a grave ;  
Health, laughing, shakes her ringlets in the breeze,  
Points to thy streams—thy shade-diffusing trees ;  
Spring softly breathes her odour-wafting dew  
Deep in thy breast her spirit to infuse ;  
Thy Summer sports, a Hour of the East,  
E'en Autumn crowns thee with a general feast ;  
E'en Winter's brow relaxes to a smile,  
And bends in kindness o'er thy blessed Isle ;—  
But spite of all that Heav'n has lavish done,  
Despite of Seasons—ripening show'r, or sun—  
To the poor peasant—to thy poor, alas !  
The earth is iron, and the sky is brass !

It is a great and serious matter to be a real Reformer, and one equally great and serious to be a real satirist ;—to be either for good, requires the union of signal comprehensiveness of intellect, and integrity of moral purpose. Even of many clever satirical poems, Dryden's epitome may be quoted :—

Scandal, the glory of the English nation,  
Is worn to rags and scribbled out of fashion ;  
Such harmless thrusts, as if like fencers wise  
They had agreed their play before their prize ;  
Faith, they may hang their harps upon the willows,  
'Tis just like children when they box with pillows.

*The Life and Adventures of Nathaniel Pearce, written by himself, during a Residence in Abyssinia, from 1810 to 1819 ; together with Mr. Coffin's Account of his Visit to Gondar. Edited by J. J. Halls, Esq. 2 vols. Colburn & Bentley.*

A great deal of valuable information relating to the manners and customs of the Abyssinians

may be collected from this work. It pretends to no literary merit, but is a faithful and sometimes graphic record of the observation of a plain man in a situation where few have had opportunities of making observation, and on a country about which we all desire to be informed. It is, however, more interesting than entertaining—more instructive than amusing ; there are too many tedious particulars—too many marchings and countermarchings, battles, skirmishes, and rebellions, although these add greatly to the strength of the narrative as a genuine unadorned and honest description.

Nathaniel Pearce, as we learn from a biographical memoir prefixed, was a wayward wandering man, who, after some years of hazardous adventure, deserted from H.M.S. *Antelope*, at Mocha, and turned Mahometan. Soon tired of Arabia and his new religion, he was kindly taken on board by Lord Valentia when in the Red Sea ; and Mr. Salt's expedition to Abyssinia having been determined on, it was decided that Pearce should accompany him. The proceedings of the party are known—Pearce, with his own consent, was left behind, was treated with great kindness by the Ras of Tigré, and remained there for nine years. He returned to Cairo in 1819, where he compiled this journal from various documents brought with him, or which he had at various times forwarded to Mr. Salt. He was on the eve of returning to England when he was suddenly taken ill, and died in June 1820, in his forty-first year. The journal was presented by Mr. Salt to the Earl of Mountnorris, and by his lordship to the editor.

We shall now proceed, without observing any particular order, to make selection of such passages as most interested or entertained us—and first, of the destructive ravages of the small-pox, for it may not be unimportant at this particular moment to reiterate and enforce by proof what we before urged,† that contagious diseases rage with a thousand times more virulence in eastern nations than in England :—

"The small-pox at this time committed such ravages throughout the country, that all thoughts of war were abandoned. As the malady increased, it became more like a plague than the small-pox, and in a great many towns and villages the people lost all their children, and numbers of grown-up persons, who had not had the disease before, died also. The only mode by which they suppose the complaint can be alleviated is to keep themselves from the air as much as possible, and let nobody see them who has been out of doors, or in the sunshine. • • • For a similar reason, during all kinds of sickness, indeed, they will not allow a friend to enter the house where the patient lies ; and they never wash themselves or their clothing when ill, being the dirtiest people in the world at these times, though, when in health, they are remarkably cleanly in their persons. I used continually to find fault with them for these superstitious and unhealthy practices, but to no purpose ; though, for the sake of example, when my own people, eleven in number, were afflicted with the small-pox, I put them altogether into a separate and clean house, and every morning and evening turned them out into the air, and made them wash themselves, though much against their inclinations. This practice brought upon me continual quarrels with my neighbours, though nobody dared interfere, as I told them what I did was for their own benefit, and to prevent

† See Common Sense and Cholera, *Athen.* No. 191.

their dying like dogs ; and fortunately it was the will of God that they all got well in a short time.

"At Axum, the mortality among the people was so great, as to occasion the loss of the cattle also, there not being a man or boy left in some families to open their pens and turn them out to grass. Thirty cows were found dead in one fold. At Adowa, the ravages of the disease were not so severe, as a great number of its inhabitants had previously had the disorder the last time it appeared amongst them ; but all the other places in Amhara, Tigré, Enderber, and the adjoining districts, Samen, Lasta, Begemder, Gondar, and Gojam, shared the same fate. The locust devoured the corn to the east of the Tacazzé, and the small-pox carried off the people in all quarters, so that a great part of the country was left in a state of complete desolation. • • •

"February 18th. Ito Yasous died of this malady, and his sister Ozoro Mantwaub on the 16th ; they were brother and sister to the present king, Itsa Guarlu, now in Gondar, who is lineally descended from the late king, Itsa Ischias, who was dethroned by Guxo. Ito Yasous was an intimate acquaintance of Mr. Salt's. The Ozoro's death grieved every one who knew her, as she was one of the most charitable persons in Abyssinia, and was the favourite wife of the Ras, who sat close by her when she died. As she breathed her last, he drew his *shuttle*, or knife, to stab himself, but I caught hold of his arm and took it away, and with the help of some slaves prevented him from committing so dreadful an act. He lay afterwards for some time senseless on the ground, but, at last, when water was thrown upon him, he came to himself, though, for some days he appeared quite inconsolable, and ate nothing, saying continually 'Is God angry with me ?' A great many of his relations died at the same time, and throughout the country nothing was heard but lamentations for their loss.

"Ozoro Mantwaub and Ito Yasous were buried at Chelicut, and a house was built over their grave. The grave was first dug, and then a large coffin or trough, made out of the trunk of a large darro-tree, formerly serving as doors to the Ras's house, was placed in it. I myself carried Ozoro Mantwaub in my arms from the church to the grave ; she was sewed up in a fine white Indian cloth, and over that was tied the skin upon which she died : they call it a *neet*, and it is formed either of a cow's or goat's hide. The whole of the people, from the king to the town-cast, sleep with their bodies bare upon it, though they have a carpet beneath. Nobody, except her priest, myself, her women-servants, and the eunuchs who used to attend upon her, and of whom she had a great number, was allowed to see her ; but the Ras, from the confidence he reposed in me, always allowed me to eat with him and the Ozoro, telling her at the same time, I was welcome to visit her at her own meals, and, if I did not come, she might, if she thought proper, send for me. This was certainly a great mark of distinction, as his dearest friend or relation was not allowed such a liberty." i. 90—99.

The description of Gondar is minute and not without interest :—

"I could only see a part of the east side of the town, where I was stationed, but from a hill about a quarter of a mile from our camp I could survey the whole. The king's house, called Itsa Gamb, (king's tower,) stood in the middle upon a height, and looked more like a Portuguese church than a royal palace. The king does not live in it at present, nor has he for many years past ; the doors are all broken down, and the whole is very much out of repair, though within the walls Itsa Guarlu had built several decent apartments, besides the one he lived in when here. According to the Abyssinian way of build-



ing, the town is scattered about over a vast tract of land, in general high with small hillocks; every part takes its name from either the church, market, or people, that occupy the ground. 'Hegge Bate is a large piece of ground, spacious enough to build a town upon, from which no one, if even guilty of murder, can be taken, it being the residence of the *chegge* or head-bishop of Abyssinia; the Abuna's premises have the same respect paid to them. The part of the town occupied by Mahomedans, though many Christians are intermixed with them, is called Salem Ga. Ardervahoi is the name of the main public road, that leads to the king's house, where they hold the market; the same road leads to the *wock-gavier*, [gold-market,] where they exchange gold for salt, and no one dare weigh the gold but the proper persons in office, who are always silversmiths, and of whom I shall give an account in another place. If Gondar were built in a regular manner after the mode of building in Europe, one-eighth of the ground would be sufficient for its population. The houses are all thatched, but, on account of the badness of the clay, they are obliged to thatch their walls likewise, to prevent their being washed down by the rain; while in several parts of Abyssinia, the clay and stones that the walls are built with will resist the rains for a number of years. The whole town is lined with *wanzatra* trees, which hide the houses from the view; one part especially, and the only part I have been in, which was by night, is so thickly covered with those trees that you cannot see a house before you get within the trees that surround it. \* \*

"In the day-time our camp was full of the Amhara women, who used to join in gangs, the girls in one and grown women in another, singing to the sound of a drum, which a woman beat at both ends, and carried slung with a string about her neck. They sang the following song: 'Give the Badinsah breeches, and he is a lion: where is the man that will dare to hold his shield to him?'—'Give him breeches' merely means, when he is up and dressed he is ready, and no one dare face him. I had many acquaintances here, who brought me as much wine and brandy as I and my servants could drink, and fine peaches and grapes were very plentiful, it being just the season for them.

"The wine is very good, but what we make in Enderta is much the same; it will not keep more than three weeks, or a month, before it becomes sour, arising from the want of proper vessels to keep it in, as they have nothing better than earthen jars for the purpose, and these are not glazed within. I have kept wine the whole year round in English bottles." i. 234-6.

"The priests are numerous in Gondar; every church maintains a great number by means of the land that belongs to it. This land, as in all parts of Abyssinia, is divided into *reams*, equal shares; the head priests have ten parts, and others of high rank have in proportion, some four, some two, &c. Quosquom is at present the mother church; it is well thatched, and the blue silk with which it is lined, and the large mirrors with which it was adorned by the Queen Eligge Mantwaub, the daughter of the Quonquosh, are still in a perfect state. The priests are of opinion that their city is very grand, and they even call it *Cuttermar Arbar arrat Bate er Christian*, meaning, the city of forty-four churches. \* \*

"After the death of Yassu, Eligge became queen, and very rich; she was a very generous and splendid princess, was remarkably fond of white people, and employed several Greeks and Armenians to build the church of Quosquom. In making golden crowns, crosses, cups, &c., for the holy service and the administration of the sacrament, and likewise for silk carpets, cushions, hangings, &c., to complete her church, they say she spent fifty thousand *wakeahs* of

pure gold; though the edifice is of no better materials than other buildings in the city. As she had no one in her service who could make mortar, this church is built with clay, rough stones, wood, canes, and straw, which are the principal materials for the first buildings in Abyssinia. Yer Eligge Mantwaub had her church built in a way to prevent fire from destroying it, after the manner of Abba Garimur, a church in Tigré.

"The church, of an oblong square form, has a flat top, and within, it is well plastered with the best clay; it has a kind of portico. The outside is covered with thatch, to preserve the building from being washed down by the rains: a good thatch, done by persons who profess the business in this country, will last for thirty or forty years without wanting repair. They do not thatch with straw, but Nature has provided them with a long strong wiry grass, which grows wild during the rains upon almost all the mountains; it does not become bristly until it is fairly scorched by the sun, and when wet again becomes pliable: they call this grass, *bate sar*, [house-grass]. Quosquom being the most esteemed church in Gondar at the present day, I have been induced to give a fuller account of it.

"Nearly one-half of the forty-four churches of Gondar have fallen down." i. 240-42.

The manner of painting is curious enough:—

"After plastering the wall and smoothing it with clay, they line it, when perfectly dry, with cotton cloth, which is stuck to the wall by means of a slimy substance made from cow's hide, or from the fruit of the *wanzatra*. Over this cloth they lay a coat of whitewash, made from chalk or lime-stone, first burnt, and then pounded and mixed with water, adding a little of the aforesaid substance with which the cloths are stuck to the wall. They then draw the outline of the picture with charcoal, and afterwards paint it with black paint, which they make by burning hemp-seed nearly to a cinder; they then shade their painting, by strengthening or weakening their colour. They make no colours in the country, except a fine red, which they use for dyeing ivory, and this is made from a wood called *zamen*. All other paints they obtain dry from Arabia; these they grind and mix themselves, and always mix the yolks of eggs and gum-water in their paints of all colours. The paints are ground on a smooth stone, with the yolks and gum-water, and tempered with the same." i. 244-5.

The Ras's visit to the church of Chelicut is not badly told:—

"The organ, which Mr. Coffin had just begun to turn, next took his attention; he stood several minutes looking at it, at last went close to it, looked at the inside, and appeared quite lost in contemplation. 'I hear it breathe,' said he, several times, and as, upon putting his ear close, he could hear a hiss now and then, occasioned by there being a small hole in the leather on one side of the bellows, he cried out, 'By Saint Michael there is a snake in it! I hear it plainly; and quickly drawing back, he exclaimed, 'Such a thing which contains a devil cannot be fit for a church.' Allicar Barhe, the high-priest, standing close by, said, 'Ganvar, I beg your pardon, it is an angel, not a devil; our church has not suffered in any way since it came into it, but on the contrary has rather increased in prosperity. Ito Pearce has opened the whole before the *carmaat* [congregation of priests] and all are of opinion that nothing but the wisdom of man, such as God gave unto Solomon, had made it; and he added, 'Abuna Comfu told us that he saw one in the church of St. Paulos and Petros, in Rome, as large as twenty of this.'" i. 266-7.

The superstitious prejudices and customs

of this people may be judged from the following:—

"I cannot help adverting to a practice which is not unfrequent, but which might appear fabulous to any one who had not witnessed it. When a woman has had one, two, or more children, and they have all died, she will, in hopes of saving the life of another just born, cut off a piece from the tip of the left ear, roll it up in a piece of bread, and swallow it; and others will keep one side only of the head shaved until the child is grown up. For some time I was at a loss to conjecture the reason why a number of grown people of my acquaintance had one ear cut; and, when told the truth, I could scarcely believe it, till I went into the house of a neighbour, though contrary to the custom, purposely to see the operation. An old woman cut off the tip of the ear, and put it into a bit of cold cooked victuals, called *sherro*, when the mother of the infant opened her mouth to receive it, and swallowed it, pronouncing the words, 'In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.'" i. 307.

Again,

"The people who live in the larger sort of towns, and especially the mechanics, in general lead the most undisturbed life, and are considered the best Christians. Those who work in silver and gold, in brass, or at the carpenters' trade, are esteemed as persons of high rank; but those who work in iron or pottery are not allowed the privilege even of being in common society, nor are they permitted to receive the sacrament as Christians. They are reckoned even by their nearest neighbours to have the supernatural power of changing themselves into hyenas or other beasts, and upon that account every body dreads them." i. 286-7.

The note upon this passage is still more curious:—

"It is very difficult to trace the foundation of this singular superstition, which is most implicitly believed by every Abyssinian, and which Mr. Coffin himself speaks of with a degree of seriousness that can scarcely be wondered at after the almost inexplicable facts that have come immediately under his own knowledge. These Budas, or workers in iron and pottery, are distinguished, it appears, from other classes, by a peculiar gold ear-ring, which is worn by the whole race, and which kind of ring Mr. Coffin declares, he has frequently seen in the ears of hyenas that have been shot in traps or speared by himself and others; but in what manner these ornaments came to be placed in so singular a situation, Mr. Coffin, who has taken considerable pains to investigate the subject, has never been able to obtain the slightest clue to discover. Besides the power which it is supposed these Budas possess of transforming themselves, at will, into hyenas and some other animals, though the former seems to be their favourite shape, many strange stories are told of the diseases they are able to inflict on their enemies through their evil eye; and so fully convinced are the Abyssinians, that these unfortunate blacksmiths are in the habit of defrauding the grave of its dues, in their midnight *masquerades*, that no one will venture to eat what is called *quanter*, or dried meat, in their houses; though they have not the smallest repugnance to sit down with them to a repast of *raw meat*, where the killing of the animal before their eyes dissipates at once their former horrible illusion.

"I shall here add one story respecting these Budas, related to me by Mr. Coffin, to the circumstances of which he may be said to have been nearly an eye-witness. It happened that among his servants he had hired one of these Budas, who, one evening, but when it was perfect daylight, came to request his master to give

him leave of absence till the morning. This request was immediately granted, and the young man took his leave; but scarcely was Mr. Coffin's head turned to his other servants, when some of them called out, pointing in the direction the Buda had taken, 'Look, look, he is turning himself into a hyæna!' Mr. Coffin instantly looked round, but though he certainly did not witness the transformation, yet the young man had vanished, and he saw a large hyæna running off at about a hundred paces distance. This happened in an open plain, without tree or bush to intercept the view. The young man returned in the morning, and was attacked by his companions on the subject of his change, which he rather affected to countenance than deny, according to the usual practice of his brethren.

"From the latter circumstance, I should be inclined to imagine that the belief in the above superstitious notions is, from some motive or other, purposely fostered by the Budas themselves. The trades they follow are some of the most lucrative in the country, and, as they are both exclusively in the hands of particular families, in whom the right of exercising them descends from father to son, it appears probable that, in order to render themselves more secure from all chance of competition, they may wish to envelope themselves in darkness and mystery, and even place the ornaments above-mentioned in the ears either of the young hyænas they may take, or the old ones they can entrap, and then dismiss them to the wilderness, with their newly-acquired embellishments. I mentioned this idea to Mr. Coffin, who seemed to think the conjecture more than probable, and promised on his return to the country to do everything in his power to ascertain the fact. It is, however, but fair to own, that he says he never saw a very young hyæna with the ornaments in question." i. 287-8.

We shall certainly return to this work again, but in the meantime recommend it as one from which much curious and valuable information is to be obtained.

*Paris and London.* By the Author of 'The Castilian,' 'The Exquisites,' &c. 3 vols. London, 1831. Colburn & Bentley.

THE author of this novel greatly mistakes his powers if he conceives that they are great in satire—and that he does fall into this error, is clear, from the tone of his Preface. He labours at excusing himself for "satirizing the vices and follies of the two first cities of the civilized world," from the conviction that he has tomahawked English and French society in a most fatal manner. But with all respect for a young foreigner, whose objects and pursuits are sensible and refined, we must say, that he has made a woful estimate of his own capabilities and his own work. As a novel, 'Paris and London' is destitute of character, connexion, incident, and interest: as a satirical view of society, it is utterly deficient in originality of thought and vigour of language. One line of Juvenal, diluted into three volumes, would make a stronger beverage. This novel is the water-colour copy of a water-colour drawing of English and French scenes. There is something too of the absurd and revolting, in the contrivance and conduct of the intrigues which are interwoven in the web of the work. The hero of the novel picks up a young seducee in the shape of a little milliner, who is in the family-way. He lives with her until and after confinement, when she decamps with his servant—who robs him of his money, for the purpose of making the milliner an

honest woman. The child is left as a love-token to the father elect. Then there is a spice of adultery to irritate the taste of the reader. The lover is thrust into a bonnet-box, to be put out of the husband's sight—and the husband discovers him by the new and ingenious contrivance of a sneeze. The hero also has a child sworn to him, on the strength of having saluted a chambermaid; and much astonishment or satire is expressed at the state of English law, that could exact "forty pounds for a kiss." The style in which these delicacies are dressed up, is the flimsiest and the worst which it has been ever our critical misery to encounter.

The newspapers are distributing their little paragraphs of praise and mystery, just at the present time, respecting this novel—as though it were the work of some covert Fielding or titled Smollett. We wish we could speak well of the production—as we really wish well to the author. But let a writer be ever so amiable in private life—we cannot permit ourselves to be blinded against his failings in paper and print. No dishonest praise whatever, could push this novel into circulation; and we are quite sure that the author will not be injured by having his deficiencies spoken of "as they are."

*History of the Northmen, or Danes and Normans, from the earliest times to the Conquest of England by William of Normandy.* By Henry Wheaton. London, 1831. Murray.

THE earlier history of nations is scarcely ever interesting—the slow progress of society from the period when the "mighty hunter" was a dweller in caves and forests, to that when the low, wattled huts were first crowded together, and surrounded by ditch or rude palisade, by exulting barbarians, who gave to the skill-less work the important designation of "a town," has little in its details to excite attention. Nor have the rude attempts in arts or jurisprudence, nor the childish feuds, nor the petty warfares, "of crows and kites," much power to awaken interest. Still, with a feeling not very dissimilar to that of the traveller, who, standing on the bank of some noble river that rolls its broad current along crowded quays and populous cities, sets out to trace its course up to the obscure and far distant well-spring, whence its abundant currents derived their source—so do we not unwillingly follow the historian through the dim labyrinth of the early, even earliest history of a people who in after ages were great, and noble, and far renowned.

And such a people most emphatically were the Northmen—the sternest of warriors, the most adventurous of mariners, the most energetic of men!—even in their earliest history exhibiting not faint traces, but a strong and accurate family likeness to those their high-minded descendants, who stamped their own character on the laws, institutions, and literature of modern Europe. A wondrous race were the Northmen—great in arms, as though life had been but one wide battle-field; great in song, as though verse had been the one sole gift of heaven—a race that rushed like the tempest over the fairest portions of Europe, but like the health-giving and fertilizing tempest, yielding an abundant harvest for the temporary blight and desolation of its

progress. "In the Norman history," says a most competent judge, Sharon Turner, "we contemplate the interesting spectacle of a barbarous people, civilizing themselves with unexampled rapidity, and then improving nations that had long been more civilized than their teachers. The progress deserves our attention, as it gives a splendid instance of one of the processes by which the improvement of the world is made to advance, amid all the perversities of human nature, and the casualties of human affairs." On this, the more interesting portion of their history, we cannot at present enter; since the volume before us brings their annals down only to the Battle of Hastings, it being the object of the author solely "to seize the principal points in the progress of society and manners in this remote period, which have been either entirely passed over, or barely glanced at by the national historians of France and England, but which threw a strong and clear light upon the affairs of Europe during the middle ages, and illustrate the formation of the great monarchies, now constituting some of its leading states."

In the prosecution of this plan, Mr. Wheaton (who, we understand, is the minister of the United States, at the Court of Denmark,) has collected together much valuable information relative to the early adventures and settlements of those bold and enterprising mariners, "those rightly-named Sea Kings, who never seek shelter under a roof, and never drain their drinking-horn at a cottage fire;" and he has also drawn from sources not easily available in this country, many interesting notices relative to the poetical and prose compositions of this noble and intellectual people. Among few nations have minstrels received higher honours than among the Northmen:—

"Like the rhapsodists of ancient Greece, and the bards of the Celtic tribes, the Skalds were at once poets and historians. They were the companions and chroniclers of kings, who liberally rewarded their genius, and sometimes entered the lists with them in trials of skill in their own art. A constant intercourse was kept up by the Icelanders with the parent country, and the Skalds were a sort of travelling minstrels, going continually from one Northern country to another. A regular succession of this order of men was perpetuated, and a list of two hundred and thirty in number, of those who were most distinguished in the three Northern kingdoms, from the reign of Ragnar Lodbrok to Valdemar II., is still preserved in the Icelandic language, among whom are several crowned heads and distinguished warriors of the heroic age. The famous king, Ragnar Lodbrok, his queen Aslög or Aslauga, and his adventurous sons, who distinguished themselves by their maritime incursions into France and England in the ninth century, were all Skalds. A sacred character was attached to this calling. The Skalds performed the office of ambassadors between hostile tribes, like the heralds of ancient Greece and of the Roman *facial law*." p. 50-1.

"Several of the kings of Sweden entertained Icelandic Skalds, but it was at the courts of the Norwegian monarchs that they found the most hospitable reception and liberal patronage. Thus Harald Hårfager had always in his service four principal Skalds, who were the intimate companions of his leisure hours, and with whom he even counselled upon his most serious and important affairs. He assigned them the highest seats at the royal board, and gave them precedence over all his other courtiers. St. Olaf, king of Norway, whose zeal against the pagan religion

induced him to include the songs of the Skalds among the other inventions of the demon, and of whom the Skald Sigvat said 'he was unwilling to listen to any lay,'—deprived them of their accustomed precedence at his court. But such was the force of ancient feelings and prejudice, that this monarch continued to give them much of his confidence, and frequently employed them on the most important public missions. Nor could he suppress the wish that his own name might live in song, and he was accompanied to the field in the last fatal battle, which terminated his life and reign, by three of the most celebrated Icelandic Skalds of the time, to whom he assigned, in the midst of his bravest champions, a conspicuous post, where they might be able distinctly to see and hear, and afterwards relate the events of the day. Thormod, one of these Skalds, dictated a lay, which the whole army sung after him, and which is still extant. Two of them fell dead by the king's side, and Thormod, though mortally wounded by an arrow, would not desert him, but still continued to chaunt the praises of the saintly king until he expired." p. 52-3.

The following remarks are very just and pleasing:—

"Thus we perceive how the flowers of poetry sprung up and bloomed amidst eternal ice and snows. The arts of peace were successfully cultivated by the free and independent Icelanders. Their Arctic isle was not warmed by a Grecian sun, but their hearts glowed with the fire of freedom. The natural divisions of the country by icebergs and lava streams, insulated the people from each other, and the inhabitants of each valley and each hamlet formed, as it were, an independent community. These were again reunited in the general national assembly of the Al-thing, which might not be unaptly likened to the Amphictyonic council or Olympic games, where all the tribes of the nation convened to offer the common rites of their religion, to decide their mutual differences, and to listen to the lays of the Skald, which commemorated the exploits of their ancestors. Their pastoral life was diversified by the occupation of fishing. Like the Greeks, too, the sea was their element, but even their shortest voyages bore them much farther from their native shores than the boasted expedition of the Argonauts. Their familiarity with the perils of the ocean, and with the diversified manners and customs of foreign lands, stamped their national character with bold and original features, which distinguished them from every other people.

"The countries from which this branch of the great Northern family had migrated, were marked by equally striking moral and physical peculiarities.

Wild the Runic faith,  
And wild the realms where Scandinavian chiefs  
And Skalds arose, and hence the Skald's strong verse  
Partook the savage wildness. And methinks  
Amid such scenes as these, the Poet's soul  
Might best attain full growth; pine-cover'd rocks,  
And mountain forests of eternal shade,  
And glens and vales, on whose green quietness  
The lingering eye reposes, and fair lakes  
That image the light foliage of the beach,  
Or the grey glitter of the aspen leaves  
On the still bough this trembling.

"The wild beauty of the Northern scenery struck the poetic soul of Alfieri, as it must that of every other traveller of genius and sensibility. He was moved by the magnificent splendour of its winter nights, and, above all, by the rapid transition from the rudeness of that season to the mild bloom of spring.

O 'tis the touch of fairy hand  
That wakes the spring of Northern land!  
It warms not there by slow degrees;  
With changeable pulse the uncertain breeze;  
But sudden on the woodwinding night  
Bursts forth the beam of living light,  
And instant verdure springs around,  
And magic flowers bedeck the ground.

"This and the other distinctive qualities of the Northern climate and modes of life, act

powerfully on the being of man; and, as has been beautifully observed by the distinguished living historian of Sweden, 'draw the attention of Man to Nature, and create a closer relation to her, and to her mysteries. To this cause may also be attributed that peculiarly deep and comprehensive perception of Nature, which forms a fundamental principle in distinguished Northern minds; a tendency which, even in the earliest mythology and poetry of the North, expresses itself by dark images and tones, and in later times purified by cultivation, has been principally developed in sciences and art.'" p. 54-6.

There is something very impressive in Scandinavian poetry—there is a grandeur in its rudeness, a sublimity in its wildness, while in the midst of its homely figures, and strange and startling descriptions, glimpses of deep and mysterious meaning, flashes of strange and bewildering light, as though from another and more ancient world, gleam awfully upon us. We marvel not at the fancy which attributed such wondrous potency to the "Runic rhyme," for there are passages in the older Scandinavian poems, which seem like the charmed but mysterious strains of some verse-inspired Sibyl, singing the wonders of ages long past by. The author of the volume before us, seems to have perceived this peculiarity—a peculiarity which is observable in the early poetry of no other race, and which seems consequently to afford a strong corroborative proof of the truth of that hypothesis, (a very favourite one among the northern antiquaries,) that some of the fragments of the older Edda are indeed "wrecks of a more ancient world,"—remains of those primordial times, when, on the wide plains of central Asia, mankind maintained one common faith, and spoke one common language:

"The oldest of this fragmentary poetry may be compared to the organic remains—the wrecks of a more ancient world, or to the gigantic ruins of Egypt and Hindostan, speaking a more perfect civilization, the glories of which have long since departed. They may even be regarded as exhibiting traces of a purer religious dispensation, the light of which once shone upon the primitive inhabitants of the earth, but which has since been obscured by the dark clouds of superstition. 'Thus,' says the historian of Sweden, 'sounds the voice of the Northern prophetic—the *Vala*, to us obscure and indistinct, through the darkness of ages. It speaks of other times, of other men and ideas, fettered, indeed, by the bonds of superstition, but longing after eternal light, and, however imperfectly, expressing that longing. In this doctrine we may also recognize some of those 'mighty sounds,' of which the Greek poet, Pindar, while fixing attention to the remembrance of noble deeds, sings, 'that they wander eternally over earth and sea.' Such are the voices with which heaven and earth announce an eternal being and their own mortality, which no Paganism has expressed more strongly than the Northern. It also thereby alludes (however darkly) to the Mighty One on High, who is above those deities who are nourished and strengthened by the powers of the earth, the cooling of the sea, and the hydromel of the Skalds, to One mightier than the Mighty, whom they dare not name,—to 'the unknown God,'—whom the Athenians also, according to St. Paul, 'ignorantly worshipped.'" p. 80-1.

Perhaps the most interesting portion of the history of this people, is that which relates the adventurous deeds of Rollo, and the foundation of the Duchy of Normandy; to the English reader these chapters are full of important information. The remarks on the rise of romantic poetry are very excellent;

and, as they combine in a very short space the substance of many a closely-written volume we must present them to our readers:

"At the time of their permanent establishment in Gaul, they found the separation of the rustic, or vulgar tongue, which had been gradually formed in that province of the Western empire, from the corruption of the Latin, completely effected. The *langue d'oui* was spoken to the north, and the *langue d'oc* to the south of the Loire. The *langue d'oui*, or the Roman-Wallon tongue, had not yet received that literary cultivation which afterwards made it the peculiar language of romance and romantic poetry. This cultivation was bestowed upon it by the Normans, who, whilst they embraced the religion, adopted the laws and the language of the vanquished people. All these, however, were greatly modified by the peculiar character and genius of the Norman race, which strongly impressed itself upon all their deeds in arts and in arms. No Runic inscription is to be found in Normandy—no verse of any Skald fastened itself upon the memory of her people—and no traditional tale of their Scandinavian ancestors has been preserved among them. In this respect, they may justly be said to have passed the stream of Lethe when they crossed the seas which separated them for ever from the abode of their fathers—that land of gods and heroes, where their peculiar national character was originally formed and developed. But the great original features of this character were indelible, and were still preserved when this branch of the noble old Gothic stem was engrafted upon the Gallo-Frankish. All the elements of the true spirit of chivalry previously existed among them in its most exuberant form—the love of wild and romantic adventure, daring courage and skill in arms—devotion to the female sex, compounded of superstition and romantic gallantry. The Norman knight enacted a splendid part in the great drama of the crusades. The Norman-French poet, or *trouvère*, supplied the place of the ancient Skald, and became as distinguished at the courts of the dukes of Normandy and kings of England, of the Norman line, as was his predecessor at those of the Norwegian and Danish monarchs, or the troubadours at those of Arles and Toulouse. \* \* \*

"Whilst we abstain from entering into the boundless field of controversy, as to the origin of modern romance and romantic fiction, exclusively attributed by some to the Scandinavians, by others, to the Saracens, and by a third party of literary historians, to the Armorican inhabitants of Brittany, it may in general be observed, that the workings of the human fancy will be found to bear a strong family likeness wherever the circumstances and condition of the race are nearly similar. To use the beautiful language of an author, himself at once a poet and a philosopher,—'Fiction travels on still lighter wings [than science], and scatters the seeds of her wild flowers imperceptibly over the world, until they surprise us by springing up with similarity in regions the most remotely divided.' The popular mythology and superstitions of every age and country, not even excepting the classic nations of antiquity, are interwoven together, and constantly present a perpetual recurrence of the same fictions, closely connected with the moral and physical being of man, and which have ever furnished to the romancer and the poet their favourite subjects and their choicest imagery. The Norman minstrels appropriated the fictions and personages they found already accredited among the people for whom they versified—the British king Arthur, his fabled knights of the Round Table, and the enchanter Merlin, with his wonderful prophecies—the Frankish monarch Charlemagne and his paladins—and the rich inventions of oriental fancy, borrowed from the Arabs and the Moors. The Eddaic and



heroic lays of the North were to them unknown, but the spirit of the muse, which had inspired these ancient songs, still continued its secret workings in the national character." p. 260-2.

We must now conclude our notice of this volume, tendering our thanks to Mr. Wheaton, for this farther addition to the early history of Europe;—much close and wearisome reading, and much patient investigation, must have been bestowed on it; and on this account, even independently of other considerations, the writer in these days of paste and scissors composition, deserves no slight praise. We said we must conclude, but we cannot without inserting the following most spirited translation of Harald Sigurdson's lay. It is by Dr. Bowring, and presented by him to the author: our fair readers will be well pleased to learn, that the courage, and constancy, and poetical talent of the gallant Jare, were eventually rewarded by the hand of this Russian Princess:—

Our ships along Sicilia plied  
In those our days of strength and pride,  
And Venger's Stag: the warriors carried  
Still on and on—nor ever tarried.  
No craven coward, well I wis,  
E'er track'd a dangerous path like this.  
Yet Gardar's Gerda—gold-ring'd maid!  
Flings scorn upon the hero's head.

We ball'd the ship—we, six and ten,  
As broke the mighty seas again—  
As rushed the billows at our feet,  
While toiling on the rowers' seat.  
No craven coward, well I wis,  
E'er track'd a dangerous way like this.  
Yet Gardar's Gerda—gold-ring'd maid!  
Flings scorn upon the hero's head.

Eight virtues have I—I can pour  
Out Odin's drink—and forge the ore—  
Upon the active horse can ride:  
And I can breast the ocean-tide,  
And I can glide on skates of snow,  
And I can shoot, and I can row.  
Yet Gardar's Gerda—gold-ring'd maid!  
Flings scorn upon the hero's head.

Can widow, or can maid gainsay,  
That we have clash'd our swords in fray,  
That we have sought the Southern land,  
And forced the city with our band?  
At break of day our foes were slain—  
And still the vestiges remain.  
Yet Gardar's Gerda—gold-ring'd maid!  
Flings scorn upon the hero's head.

And I was born in mountains where  
The highland heroes wield the spear,  
My war-ships, fear'd by men of flocks,  
I guide across the ocean-rocks,  
And long o'er ocean's waves have bounded,  
And many an ocean-sea surrounded.  
Yet Gardar's Gerda—gold-ring'd maid!  
Flings scorn upon the hero's head.

*Treatise on Cholera Asphixia, or Epidemic Cholera, as it appeared in Asia, and more recently in Europe.* By George Hamilton Bell, Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh, late residency surgeon, Tanjore. 1831. Edinburgh, Black; London, Smith, Elder & Co.

Among many reasons that induced us to believe that the cholera could never rage here with the destructive violence that it has in Russia, one was, the numbers of our medical men who have seen the disease in India, and are thoroughly acquainted with it. Mr. Bell is one of these; and in his work is abundant proof, not only that opportunities of observation were not thrown away, but that he has knowledge and talent enough to present the result of his observations in a clear and intelligible manner for the information of others.

Though his work must be considered as practical—and we cannot praise too highly

"Venger—a Viking of old times—the Stag, his battle-ship."

the manner in which the disease is described in all its different stages—the theoretical part is highly valuable; and we recommend it, in the strongest manner, to the attention of all medical men. Mr. Bell shows that the name cholera is improperly given to this disease; he acknowledges that there is great difficulty in explaining its nature according to the received systems of pathology, but, after showing how the vital powers are affected by it, he draws the inference that the cholera is an affection of the ganglionic system of the great sympathetic nerves. This theory, in our opinion very probable, is so ingeniously explained, that we refer it to the consideration of all medical men, who will find in Mr. Bell's work abundant matter for reflection.

Mr. Bell is an anti-contagionist, and his arguments against the contagious nature of the cholera are so strong, that we regret that the subject has not been discussed more fully. We hear every day that it is better to err on the side of precaution—but we are not quite prepared to admit this doctrine, specious as it appears; and, after reading what Mr. Bell says on the mischievous consequences of assuming as true the mere unsupported assertions about certain diseases being contagious, we think others perhaps will agree with us.

Mr. Bell offers some valuable suggestions on the measures best to be adopted for self-preservation against the disease; and as we believe that these measures may be equally useful, whether the disease be epidemic or contagious, we shall extract this part of the work as being of general interest.

"When cholera prevails in a district, it is of great consequence to avoid as much as possible all exposure to fatigue, &c. Cold is also to be avoided, particularly while asleep." p. 98.

"Moderately warm clothing, even within the tropics, is also of importance with a view to the prevention of the disease; and the author has been in the habit, even in the hottest weather, both by precept and example, of recommending the use of flannel next the skin. It is the best means of regulating the warmth of the body, and of preventing sudden and injurious chills. It is unnecessary to enlarge on the depressing effects consequent on a debauch. All who have seen the disease, are aware how frequently an attack of it has succeeded intoxication." p. 99.

"The minds of all exposed to the remote cause of cholera, should be as much supported as possible; and every attempt should be made to remove any alarm as to the contagious nature of the disease. It is a good rule, to avoid making the disease, when prevalent, a subject of conversation."

"Little need be said of the injurious effects of hunger; but it may be observed, that it is dangerous, during the prevalence of cholera, to take severe exercise before breakfast, with an empty stomach." p. 100.

"The aliment should be of easy digestion, generous and nutritive; those accustomed to live well should not be stinted of any of their usual luxuries; long fasts and subsequent heavy meals should be avoided; and fruit and all vegetable matter likely to produce acidity, to disagree with the stomach or to derange the bowels, must be prohibited."

"It is so much the fashion in these times for individuals to dose themselves with medicine, that many are apt to resort, for the relief of the uncomfortable feelings which arise during the prevalence of cholera, to some favourite purgative; and innumerable instances have occurred, in which the invasion of the disease seemed the result of an over-dose of medicine." p. 101-2.

"There is reason to believe, that those residing in well-built houses, and sleeping one or two stories above the ground-floor, are less liable to the disease than those who sleep on the ground, or on mud floors little raised from the surface." p. 102.

We consider this treatise as of great value at the present moment; and we trust that our medical men will examine it with the utmost attention. Mr. Bell's theories and practice are founded on the best medical principles; and the cases that illustrate the work are described in a masterly manner.

*Memoir on the Cholera Morbus of India.* By P. F. Keraudren. Translated from the French. London, 1831. Published at the Lancet Office.

THE name of Dr. Keraudren is well known for the many memoirs he has written upon subjects connected with the diseases of the warm climates, and those peculiar to seamen. The present, however, is not, in our opinion, one of his best works, and is much inferior to that of Mr. Bell. Dr. Keraudren does not describe the disease from personal observation, and the number of cases from which he has deduced his reasoning is too limited to give much weight to his conclusions. Still, as he has made the most of his materials, and his descriptions are clear and exact, we think that the memoir may be useful at the present moment by calling attention to those points still undecided in the doctrine and treatment of cholera. Dr. Keraudren differs in many things from Mr. Bell; and we confess that we think the theory of the latter not only the better, but also more in agreement with received opinions. It would occupy too much space to institute a comparison between these works, but we recommend all medical men to do so, and the excellent manner in which both writers have treated the subject will make such comparison equally easy and instructive.

*The Speeches of the Right Hon. William Huskisson; with a Biographical Memoir supplied to the Editor from Authentic Sources.* 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1831. Murray.

WE have not time to do more than announce the early publication of this very valuable work. We consider the Speeches of Mr. Huskisson ought to be the manual for financiers—in him were united the largest views with the most minute knowledge; and he possessed the singular power of making plain and intelligible, the most intricate and difficult subjects. His name has now become identified with a system—a system opposed to the prohibitive—a system that opposes general to particular interests—a system that must ultimately triumph, and which is best to be learned from these volumes. The biographical memoir prefixed, is full and satisfactory, and we hope next week to do justice to the work.

*A Letter from Gen. Arthur Condoctet O'Connor to Gen. Lafayette, on the Causes which have deprived France of the Advantages of the Revolution of 1830.* London, 1831. Rainford.

A pamphlet from which, if read without prejudice, a great deal of information may be gathered as to the state of public opinion in France. O'Connor is a republican, and though he admits that France is not prepared for a republic, he

requires republican institutions under the monarchy, and this we believe to be the feeling of the great majority of informed Frenchmen. We are told by the papers that the elections have gone in favour of the ministers, which is true enough—with this explanation, that the ministerial candidates pledged themselves to vote against the hereditary privileges of the Peers. We are not considering how a monarchy can exist surrounded by republican institutions, any more than how an hereditary Peerage can be maintained without the law of primogeniture. We state merely, that this is the question at issue in France, and that the people are with O'Connor, and the elections prove it.

*Remember Me, &c.* 1831. Simpkin and Marshall, London; Filer and Co., Colchester.

THIS is the first volume of a religious annual, without pictures, and on a very small scale, but beautifully got up, and forming, in appearance and contents, a very pretty, pleasing little book.

*A Familiar Introduction to the Christian Religion, in a Series of Letters from a Father to a Son.* By a Senior. London, 1831. Rivingtons.

THESE letters are sensibly written, but the writer is evidently a superficial theologian. Upon the mere morality of his subject he writes like a sensible man; but when he comes to discuss the doctrines of the Gospel, he is always feeble.

*Knowledge for the People; or, the Plain Why and Because.* By John Timbs. London, 1831. Low.

A complete volume of this very cheap, elegant, and useful little work is now on our table—the subject, Zoology. It seems to us an excellent present for young people: not meaning thereby to deny its use even to their fathers and mothers. It is as entertaining as a mere book of anecdote; it is, in fact, a book of anecdote, only that it is instructive as well as entertaining.

*Plain Advice to Landlords and Tenants, Lodging-house Keepers and Lodgers.* 18<sup>mo</sup>.

*A Familiar Summary of the Law of Master and Servant, Apprentices, Journeymen, Artificers, and Labourers.* 18<sup>mo</sup>.

*A Familiar Summary of the Law of Bills of Exchange and Promissory Notes, Duties, &c.* 18<sup>mo</sup>.

*The Laws relating to Benefit Societies and Savings Banks.* 18<sup>mo</sup>. London, 1831. Washbourne.

WE have not, on this occasion, taken counsel's opinion: for these little manuals are intended for the use and information of the uninitiated, and therefore ought to be judged by common sense. 'Plain Advice to Landlords and Tenants' we have examined with some attention, and it seems to us a very useful little work; we have looked over the others superficially, and they all seem compiled with equal care.

#### ORIGINAL PAPERS

A CHORAL SONG BY BEATIFIED SPIRITS TO WELCOME A RETURNING SPIRIT.

SOMEWHAT AFTER THE OPINIONS OF THE PLATONISTS.

COME, Spirit, come!

Sister, sister, awake!

We have left our home

To welcome thee back.

Here are the elements,

Pure as in birth,

To assail thee at once

From the grossness of earth:—

The water we sprinkle,

The fire we bear,

From error and sorrow,

And sickness and care,

And human infirmities,

Old age and grief;

The fears of denial,

The doubts of belief,

The faintings of hope,

Of memory the sadness,

The pains of desire,

Of young love the madness,

Of possession the care,

Of want the pale sorrow

That stays its spare meal

With thoughts of to-morrow;

From these—the strange griefs

That ever are told

By spirits returning—

Be free as of old:—

From these, and from worse,

From mockery, and shame,

And malice, and wrongs

We're forbidden to name,

That eat to the heart

Of the virtuous and wise,

That sweep to the tomb

The young of the skies,

From which thou hast suffer'd,

If given to thee,

Were love, virtue, or truth,

For ever be free.

Come, sister, come!

Or the memory of earth,

And the hours we passed there

Will sadden our mirth:—

To the clouds that encirle

This dwelling of years,

And tell what they look on

For ever in tears;

To the air, and its sorrow

Breath'd ever in sighs,

Thy errors are given—

Sister, sister, arise!

Come, sister, come!

In the beauty of youth,

To the birth-place of love,

And the dwelling of truth!

Come, sister, come!

Do you linger still?

Has sin corroded

The purer will?

Have you quite forgot,

In that wormy shell,

The bliss of the home

Where spirits dwell?

Come, sister, come!

We are waiting in pain,

To welcome thee back

To heaven again;

For the air is thick,

And damp, and cold,

And smells of the earth

And its sorrows old.

But, hush! she comes—

She is waking now—

The shadow has passed

From her stainless brow.

Then, haste, bring a film

Of a summer cloud's rack,

In its hollow womb lay her,

And bear her back;

And then let us joy,

We part again never;

But may love her, and love her,

For ever and ever.

D. W.

#### SHELLEY'S 'WANDERING JEW.'

To make an article that has appeared in one journal the groundwork of an article in another, may be considered somewhat out of order; a proceeding, that, if the original article were good, is analogous to painting the lily and gilding refined gold. Nevertheless, 'The Wandering Jew,' published in *Fraser's Magazine* for July, is, to all intents and purposes, as important, in point of length, as Lord Byron's early poems; and we do not see why the accidental form of publication should militate against its lying equally open to criticism. Added to this, whilst, in the way of scorn, calumny, and unkindness, brimming measure has been dealt out to Shelley, few connected with periodical literature have taken the trouble to understand and appreciate his poetry, or to draw, for the benefit of the public, a boundary-line between his metaphysical subtleties and moral mistakes, and the remaining mass of his true, pure, beautiful poetry,—poetry instinct with intellectual life—radiant, harmonious, and strong. The introductory essay in *Fraser* for June is an earnest and understanding composition; and, although not prepared to coincide with some of the views taken either of Shelley or his poetry, we rejoiced over the paper, as exhibiting a rich vein of thought, and a dignified generosity of sentiment; so much so, that we take the opportunity of adding a column or two on the same subject. In our common "dealings" with our neighbour we are required "to be true and just;" and it has always struck us that the rule applies to literature no less than traffic, and that a man does not cease to be our neighbour by being a poet, though perchance he may become a troublesome one, in which case we shall have occasion to be additionally "true and just in our dealings."

Shelley was one towards whom this literary, no less than daily-life duty, was greatly intermitted. Great numbers imitated in their judgment the partial Jews of old, who made the ephah small and the shekel great—forgetting that all delinquents of the same class are to receive the same measure. This, in two remarkable instances, was not the case: Lord Byron was sceptical, selfish, dissipated, and eccentric, and was believed to have taken higher degrees in evil than he really had; but he wrote impassioned and brilliant poetry that revolutionized the public taste, spell-bound the public heart; and though much of this poetry contained scepticism, selfishness, profligacy, and eccentricity, yet, by some strange anomaly, grave and good people, after protesting against these elements, spoke of and quoted the remainder with enthusiasm,—pay, very often felt an enthusiasm for the man. Let us see how Shelley was treated. He too was sceptical, and with more sincerity, with a conviction, perhaps, that disbelief of Christianity was a duty; he also was eccentric, but he was gentle-hearted, self-denying, a lover of his species, a yearner after its improvement. He too wrote poetry, some of it embodying his anti-Christian views,—a paradise, in which the Tree of Life had been cut down, but certainly containing less to pollute the imagination, poison the spring of action, and sear virtuous emotions, than many of the writings of his noble friend and contemporary. But he was weighed in a different balance (we advert only to literary treatment), and it became suspicious to quote, and dangerous to admire him. Till latterly, he was a poet, Whom there were none to praise, And very few to love.

Feeling, as we do, the very gravest disagreement with many of the political and religious opinions of Shelley; grieving, as we do, that he died when his genius was beginning to work clear,—we are yet indignant at the treatment he received. Could he have entertained the public with wit and satire, as Lord Byron entertained



it, or had his poetry been palpable and impassioned, like Lord Byron's poetry, his scepticism would have been passed over like Lord Byron's scepticism. The public did not admire his poetry, and for that, more than any other reason, expressed a horror of his principles. The public always looks after its own entertainment. Two circumstances combine to render the reprehensible part of Shelley's poetry more innoxious than parts of several other poets who are never reprehended. In the first place, his theories are so far out of the common track—they are so subtle, ærial, and attenuate—so abstracted from any connexion with the ways of the world, that they cease to be dangerous by becoming unintelligible. There is no parallelism between his speculations and worldly licence; in Lord Byron's there is. Shelley was a visionary, desiring, and believing it possible, to build a palace upon a cloud—namely, human happiness—without superhuman assistance. His poetry exhibits the contradiction of inculcating Christian ethics whilst spurning Christian doctrines, and of representing effects without ascribing them to adequate causes. He and St. Paul exactly agree in their estimate and inculcation of virtues—"love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance;" but whilst one accounts for them as "the fruits of the spirit"—the DIVINE spirit re-breathed into man—the other considers them as necessary attributes of man,

Sceptless, free, uncircumscrib'd; but man  
Equal, unclassified, tribesless, and nationless;  
Exempt from awe, worship, degree;

thus giving omnipotent power to outward events and conditions, and attributing regeneration of mind to modifications of circumstance.

The other reason why Shelley's erroneous sentiments are comparatively innoxious, is, that by altering the names of his metaphysical agents, the cipher finds a key, becomes intelligible, and is found, when interpreted, to speak the truth. Christianity is this key. Let the spiritual nonentity, which the author calls Universal Love, Harmony, Wisdom, Liberty, be called God, and the mist clears off, and the poetry reads religiously, in the true meaning of the term. His most magnificent production, (Greek sculpture in poetry,) the 'Prometheus Unbound,' supplies an illustration: Shelley's own meaning with respect to Jupiter, Demogorgon, and the like, matters nothing; most readers will, in Prometheus himself, feel and see but a shadow of ONE, whose name, to be suggested, needs not to be mentioned:

Know ye not me,  
The Titan? he who made his agony  
The barrier to your else all-conquering foe?

With regard to Shelley as a poet, he is not likely, in our day, to dispute the palm of popularity with many far inferior to him in intellect, feeling, harmony, and knowledge. There is an elemental subtlety about his mind, which those who "handle a truth they are required to believe, as if it were an ox they were called upon to purchase," shrink from in dismay. His genius may be likened to the old church pictures of the cherubim—a winged head, unable to walk the earth, but at home when soaring through the sky.

Nor seeks nor finds he mortal blisses,  
But feeds on the ærial kisses  
Of shapes that haunt Thought's wildernesses.

Wordsworth, Byron, and Shelley, may be called the representatives of the past, the present, and the future. Between the first and last there is some analogy, since both agree in disapproving that connecting link to which Lord Byron adapted himself, and, whilst less philosophical, became more popular than his mightier brothers. Wordsworth's past is royalist and ecclesiastical; Shelley's is republican and pagan; Byron's present comprised everything that affected his own mind, and could be made to affect the minds of others; for he never loved anything abstractedly. Wordsworth delights mainly in the saints,

sages, and heroes of English history; Shelley goes back to antique philosophers and demigods; Byron keeps amongst men and women as they are. The reflections of the first poet have chief reference to the duties of man; of the second, to his capacity for improvement; of the third, to his actual misery and actual enjoyment. Wordsworth refers to the past for examples—Shelley for opinions—Byron for images. Cast in the same era, Byron would have fought and revelled with Alcibiades; Shelley would have speculated with Plato; and Wordsworth would have discoursed with Socrates. Cast in the present era, Shelley was, of the three, farthest removed from his element and spirit's birthplace. The tone of his mind is antique, but its bias is towards the future—his Elysium of perfection: the present being a Tartarus that engulphs all good. He does not deal with things, but thoughts, and thoughts that are often sublimated into phantoms. The very cadence of his verse, the structure of his language, seems the struggle of spirit with sound and form, manifests a yearning after immateriality—a desire to make mere words ætherial essences, impersonations of beauty—melody woke by the wind, drank by the dew, heard by the heart, and giving birth to dreams of things not earthly—

Low, sweet, faint sounds like the farewell of ghosts.

With the exception of Coleridge, the English language has not such a consummate master of harmony—nor, with the same exception and the addition of Wordsworth, a poet possessing such an exquisite knowledge of external nature, from its grander aspects amongst seas and mountains, to its fine and silent pencilling amongst moss and flowers. He could delineate a storm and describe a sensitive plant; but when he treated of human life, he wanted force, compression, and tangibility: his men and women are "such stuff as dreams are made of"—his narratives perplexed—his incidents obscure; in short, all his worldly realities are unreal. But, send him to the garden where grows the sensitive plant; or place him upon the mountainous ruins of the Baths of Caracalla; or amidst the Euganean hills; or in any spot where nature keeps court; and not only does he describe exquisitely and accurately the real appearances before him; but he also portrays that second and independent aspect, which, according to his mood, the scene would wear to the spectator.

Shelley's love of nature differs from that of any other poet: he seems to love it like a living thing—as if it possessed human attributes—were capable, like man, of feeling joy and sorrow. His sympathy has something strange in it, something sad; for he robs the soul of its birthright, to bestow it upon matter. Gloomy, yet melodious, he is the fallen angel of song! The whole of 'The Sensitive Plant' exemplifies what we have stated!—it is difficult to select from such a wilderness of blooms; but a few stanzas we must give:—

There was a power in this sweet place—  
An Eve in this Eden—a ruling grace—  
A lady, the wonder of her kind,  
Whose form was upborne by a lovely mind,  
Which, dilating, had moulded her mien and motion,  
Like a sea-flower unfolded beneath the ocean.

I doubt not the flowers of that garden sweet  
Rejoiced in the sound of her gentle feet;  
I doubt not they felt the spirit that came  
From her glowing fingers through all their frame.  
She sprinkled bright water from the stream  
On those that were faint with the sunny beam;  
And out of the cups of the heavy flowers  
She emptied the rain of the thunder-showers.  
She lifted their heads with her tender hands,  
And sustained them with rods and oier bands;  
If the flowers had been her own infants, she  
Could never have nursed them more tenderly.  
And all killing insects and gnawing worms,  
And things of obscene and unlovely forms,  
She bore in a basket of Indian wool,  
Into the rough woods far aloof;—

In a basket of grasses and wild flowers fall,  
The freshest her gentle hands could pull,  
For the poor banished insects, whose intent,  
Although they did ill, was innocent.

'The Wandering Jew,' written when Shelley was seventeen, we agree with the essayist in *Fraser*, in thinking "a wonderful attempt," containing, with all its schoolboyism, the germ of the 'Prometheus.' One thing surprises us—there is very little promise of Shelley's after *versification*; and there is a good deal of Sir Walter Scott's manner in the descriptions;—there is, however, a tone of that perfect song, 'I awake from dreams of thee,' in the following fragment:—

See yon opening flower  
Spreads its fragrance to the blast;  
It fades within an hour,  
Its decay is pale, its fast:  
Paler is yon maiden,  
Faster is her heart's decay;  
Deep with sorrow laden,  
She sinks in death away.

Shelley was only thirty when his mysterious and beautiful genius was quenched in death. He can scarcely be called a great poet; but had he lived, he would probably have become one, for all the powers were germinating in his mind. He had begun, also, to apprehend his own mistakes; the "charmed deep" of his spirit might, and probably would, have ceased to be chaotic; "birds of calm" might have brooded over it; his intellectual powers might have attained a balance and consistency amongst themselves; he might also have attained intellectual common sense, that "brain in the hand," the want of which so often made his poetry a tangled mass of fine but unavailing phantasies. He would probably have learned, that ideas, like man, require a body,—"lonely apparitions being for another state, where thought shall be independent of language, and imagination of the senses." More than this, we cannot help believing that, in matters of infinitely more importance, he would have come to his right mind; and after passing through the burning desert of Infidelity, striving in vain to cure its brackish waters, and plant its sands with flowers, he would at last have emerged into "Eden, the garden of God." Shelley would then have been written amongst poets as "full of wisdom and perfect in beauty."

#### PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS AND LITERATURE IN SPAIN.—LETTER IV.

Madrid.

THE principal Literary Institutions of Spain are, the Royal Spanish Academy, and the Royal Academy of History. Philip the 5th, the first King of the Bourbon family, introduced the French taste and institutions into Spain, and the Royal Spanish Academy was established by him. The Academy is entitled to the greatest praise for their works upon the Spanish language, and especially upon its orthography. From the sixteenth century, the most learned Spaniards had desired to simplify the orthography of the language, and to make it agree with the Castilian pronunciation. The Academy endeavoured to accomplish this great object, and, in spite of the difficulties raised, not only by the enemies to all innovations, but by those who thought that etymology rather than pronunciation ought to be the guide,—the Spanish orthography, owing to their exertions, is at the present moment the most perfect of any European language; and, with few exceptions, the Spanish language is now written as it is pronounced. The Royal Academy of History was established with the object of directing attention to the elucidation of obscure events in the Spanish history, and its labours have been most valuable. Besides those two, there is at Madrid a Royal Academy of Medicine, one of Divinity, and one of Fine Arts: this last is called the Royal Academy of *San Fernando*, and was at one time very justly celebrated. At Valencia and Valladolid, there

were two other Academies of the Fine Arts, similar to that of *San Fernando*, but these, as well as the original Institution, in consequence of the unsettled state of the country, have gradually sunk into the same insignificance as the Arts themselves. Fifty years ago, Spain could boast of many eminent engravers, painters, and architects; but there is not now one really eminent man in either of these professions.

There are several Academies of Medicine and Surgery in the kingdom, but all have sunk into insignificance, not so much for want of zeal in the members, as from the suspicious vigilance with which the government watches all Professors; who, coupled the merchants, are justly considered the most liberal men in Spain.

I should perhaps have mentioned in a former letter, that there is a military college at Segovia, where two hundred young men receive their education, at Valladolid a school for artillery officers, and at Alcala, one for engineers. In these schools, as well as in many other establishments at Madrid and in the provinces, mathematics are taught; and, at present, no other branch of science is better cultivated in Spain; it forms a part of the education of almost all young men of the higher and middle classes.

But the study of language is the fashion, and almost a madness. Thirty years ago, it was a rare circumstance to meet with a Spaniard who could read English: now it is very common; and French and Italian still more so.

I can have little to say of the newspapers and periodicals, for there are but three political newspapers in all Spain; and two of these are official, and the other semi-official. The two former are the *Gazeta de Madrid*, published three times a week, and the *Mercurio*, once a month. The semi-official newspaper is the *Estafeta de San Sebastian*, a well-written newspaper, conducted by Lista, a poet and a very learned man, who, after having been a thorough-going Afrancesado, became a warm liberal, and has now rattled for the third time, and sold his services (unfortunately too valuable) to despotism. This fickle politician and two others *ejusdem generis* are the editors of the *Estafeta*, the history of which will so well elucidate the condition of Spain since 1824, that I shall briefly notice it. Towards the end of that year, the Spanish Ministry thought that, as all other governments had a semi-official newspaper, they ought to have one; and Lista and Miñano were appointed editors; but the Apostolicals were then at the height of their power, and opposed its publication so strongly, that, to win their reluctant consent, the ministers were obliged to appoint Apostolical censors. These worthies were so rigid, that nothing could satisfy them—they went so far as to reject articles sent by the ministers themselves; and it not unfrequently happened, that a whole number of this *newspaper* was filled with medical reviews and dissertations, every other article offered having been rejected by the censors. At last the ministers and editors were equally worn out; the paper was abandoned altogether, and the Apostolicals triumphed. This triumph, however, was of short duration. Lista and Miñano proposed to the ministry to publish the newspaper in France: it was agreed to, and to extend its circulation in Spain as widely as possible, the postage of it was fixed at less than one penny for all parts of the kingdom. This is perhaps the first instance of the ministers of a European government being obliged to publish their semi-official paper in a foreign country. The paper now assumed the name of the *Gazeta de Bayona*, until the late French revolution, when the editors, alarmed at the new spirit shown by the French people, crossed the Pyrenees and transferred their establishment to San Sebastian, where it is now published under the name of *Estafeta de San Sebastian*.

Besides the two political newspapers at Madrid, there is a literary one called *Correo*; the editor of this journal pays to the government 160*l.* annually, and has secured to himself a monopoly—government pledging itself not to permit the publication of any other paper at Madrid, except the *Gazeta* and the *Mercurio*. This exclusive *Correo* is, as an exclusive paper would promise to be, below mediocrity; but it is worse than it might be, from the meddling interference of the censors.

But notwithstanding this authorised monopoly of the *Correo*, another literary newspaper lately started under the name of *Cartas Literarias*. The editor of the *Correo* complained bitterly of this breach of privilege; but, as the *Cartas* is published under the immediate protection of the new Queen, who has great influence, Ferdinand found means to conciliate his wife and evade the law, by directing that the editors of the *Cartas* should continue to publish, but at irregular periods, and thus evade the patent which secures to the editors of the *Correo*, the exclusive right of publishing a periodical.

In eight of the capitals of different provinces, insignificant journals are published. They are filled with advertisements, the decrees of the local authorities, and the dull particulars relating to the religious festivals, which are all most scrupulously and minutely recorded. There are also three journals of medicine and natural science; and Professor Casaseca has lately started another of the same kind, called the *Propagador*.

The number and character of periodicals, has often been considered as a good standard to measure the knowledge of a people—this, however, presupposes something like a liberty of the press: it would be absurd to apply the rule to Spain—there would be, with any reasonable liberty, many more and better publications, as we may infer from the fact, that, in 1820, there were no less than sixty-four political papers alone; and since then, and in defiance of the police and military commissions, the Spaniards of all classes have become talking and reasoning politicians, and very fond of newspapers. For the last five years, a brisk and profitable trade has been carried on, by smuggling foreign newspapers into the country; and, I could relate some very amusing anecdotes, connected with this contraband trade, if I did not fear to do mischief; and you are not perhaps aware, that *The Athenæum* is now received regularly by *THE APOSTOLICAL CLUB!*

I need hardly tell you, after what I have said, that the press in this country is most completely trammelled; no work can be printed without being first approved by the censors—men equally ignorant, bigoted and intolerant. Though the laws relating to the press were before sufficiently severe, a new one was promulgated last July, increasing the penalties, and forbidding absolutely the printing of anything concerning government, and all observation or comment on the conduct of those in authority. At the same time it was also forbidden, under very severe penalties, to introduce any work in any language into Spain, which contained any direct or indirect reference to religion; and this prohibitory order has been interpreted so largely, that, not long since, a novel was forbidden, because mention was made in it, that a Pope had two sons—and a philosophical work, because the author said that the fact of Joshua having ordered the sun to stand, could be reconciled to the Copernican system. In fact, at present, very few books can be introduced legally—I say legally, because an immense number are smuggled in.

The Inquisition, when it existed, exercised this power; and it is well known, that the young Spaniards used to consult the Index Expurgatorius to know what books were worth reading.

Iriarte, in one of his epigrams, speaking of some miserable author, says, that his works could never become popular, even if forbidden by the Inquisition. At present, the Bishops exercise it, and some of them most rigidly; but as their power is limited to their respective dioceses, many books are forbidden in one place, which are freely permitted in another. M. O.

[A young Pole, after receiving several desperate wounds, refused to leave his ranks, and struggled on. He fell; and his comrades, taking his heart, placed it on a spear, and used it as a standard in a successful charge against the Russian squadrons.]

#### THE DEATH BANNER.

AND art thou fallen, thou,  
Thy country's gallant one?  
The patriot's arm is nerveless now,  
The patriot's goal is won.  
Thy comrades cannot lose thee thus,  
Again for Poland—charge with us!  
Another charge—but one—  
For all thou lovedst in life;—  
Come, where the war breathes darkest dun,  
And light us to the strife;  
Who shrinks from battle's whirling tide,  
Thy heart our banner—God our guide?  
O rally! rally! all  
That Poland calls her own—  
Swear to avenge a brother's fall—  
Swear by this heart alone:  
Swear, ere we burst on yonder horde,  
The warrior's oath;—the lifted sword.  
Up with it—'tis a star  
That lightens o'er the field,  
Dimming the fiery eye of war:  
They reel—they faint—they yield.  
The bloody banner holds its path,  
Like heaven's lightning in its wrath.  
Yonder see it gleaming,  
The standard of the free;  
In its own life-blood streaming,  
Brave heart! we follow thee.  
In cannon's thunder, foe-man's shot,  
In blood and flame we sever not.  
On!—o'er their servile ranks  
The patriot's charge has gone;  
Like mountain torrent burst its banks—  
The banner leads them on;  
O'er riven helm and shattered glaive,  
The crest of battle's fiery wave.

J. K. B.

Belfast.

#### A BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF ROME.—No. I.

ROME, Rome, Rome! what shall I say of Rome, or of the feelings with which I approached it? We knew it would be first seen from a little ascent, where the pilgrims are accustomed to sing hymns and offer up prayers; but no knowledge could tame us down to a reasonable quiet—first one and then another rose, to strain his eyes and sit down again in impatience; and for the last mile we were all standing, as if a few inches of advantage could make us overlook the intervening hill. At length Rome was visible, and I leave you to imagine our feelings. As to the Campagna, it is anything but what I expected. I had an idea that it was a flat, barren, marshy ground; no such thing; it is rather a vast extent of poor pasture land; and the cork-tree, the ilex, and, I think, the fig-tree, grow in the ravines near Rome—ravine is a better word than valley, which conveys an idea of greater extent. The Campagna certainly might be cultivated. It looks more level than it really is, for though the ground is broken into deep chasms and swells into hills, the hills are of nearly equal height; and in its general appearance it is an extensive level bounded by beautiful mountains;—it is, in fact, just such an entrance as Rome ought to have. People, ge-

nerally, have no notion of *character* in inanimate things. Rome is passed away. It was once, nay twice, mistress of the world. It is now nothing but a name. Would they approach it through a Val D'Arno? or through a Mitcham, and Clapham, and Kennington, with a long line of little shopkeepers' villas? Its suburb stretches too far as it is. After crossing the Ponte-Molle there is a mile or more, before you enter the Piazza del Popolo, of fine houses and walled gardens; but they are walled; you drive on between unbroken walls, and they should be unbroken; for it seems as if man could have no other purpose but to reach Rome; no looking right or left, or diverging even in idea; there stands Rome, and you are hurrying to it of course. What a power there is in its very name! I speak from my poor heretical feeling, that the very consciousness of being present here humbles the mind; and nothing seems to me so natural as pilgrims, strong in faith, kneeling and expressing the fullness of their feeling in hymns and prayer. Rome is not, and cannot be, approached like any other city. It has in all ages assumed something, in its relation to the rest of the world, of superiority; and it was not merely assumption:—the senate and the people, in all their lust of conquest, were liberal and tolerant, and seemed to patronize and protect weaker nations, as befitting their own power; and the old Romans were justly conspicuous for their virtue, their valour, their patriotism, their noble self-postponement, of which no other nation can boast of examples equally splendid:—under the empire, and in the luxury and degeneracy that followed, it maintained its superiority by its literature, its orators, its wealth, and its imperial pomp;—and under the church it preserved its domination, and was for ages the eye and light of the christian world.

It is usually recommended to class what is to be seen at Rome into different ages, and to visit all in this order, rather than in reference to their local position. But with our limited time this was impossible, and in any case would be perplexing, not merely from the crossings and recrossings and consequent labour, but from the difficulty of distinguishing the age of many of the buildings.

Of the ruins of Rome, speaking of them abstracted from feeling and association, and with exclusive reference to their architectural beauty, there are not half a dozen deserving an hour's consideration; but if we bring with us a knowledge of the history of the Roman people, of their laws, religion, customs, manners, conquests, the patriotism of the republicans, the splendour of the emperors, the rise of their fame, and the moral causes of Rome's decline, there is an interest in the most valueless brick that encumbers the Campagna;—but we deceive ourselves and others if we do not distinguish here. What remains of the Forum? Enough to satisfy us that we stand in the Forum. If that will not satisfy, then stay at home, and pull down St. Martin's church, leaving its portico; for nothing in the Forum is so perfect, or suggests anything so beautiful.

The Forum Romanum is now a dirty, irregular, broken ground, in the suburbs of the city; and of its former splendour little indeed remains:—so little, that I cannot understand how one half of the buildings so often enumerated could ever have existed there; and was therefore better content than Forsyth to let the valet de place strike his cane upon a huge water-trough and say, this was the Lake of Curtius; for the lake itself could have been no larger;—and even then I doubt if Forsyth could find room for it, and for the Comitium, the Rostrum, the temples, triumphal arches, altars, and other buildings, to say nothing of the lake, groves, and assembled people. The Forum indeed may have been larger than we now imagine, but the Capitol

could never have been greatly different; and who that has ever seen the spot can comprehend how one half the buildings were ever stowed away there? But more of this in my next.

#### A NAVAL UNIVERSITY.

THE enterprising spirit of our officers seems resolved to turn to account the rare accident of our having a naval sovereign. The project of a Naval University has been broached, and in a very soberly-reasoned pamphlet, by a Lieut. Robert Wall. It is not intended to be a preparatory, but a finishing school—not for young gentlemen before they enter the service, but for old gentlemen on half pay—"officers of long standing in the service, of high rank, and much experience," as well as young commissioned officers, to qualify all for the higher branches of the profession—to instruct them in the principles of international law, diplomacy, astronomy, mathematics, belles lettres, and twenty graceful and serviceable things. For the support of the establishment threepence in the pound is to be levied from the pay of all commissioned officers, and each student is to be charged 40*l.* per annum: thus a revenue of 15,000*l.* a year is to be raised. But Mr. Wall seems to fear that a difficulty might arise as to an eligible site or proper building being found, and therefore suggests that Buckingham Palace would do very well—"the situation is most eligible." We quite agree in this last observation, and should like nothing better than apartments in the left wing; it being understood that board and lodging are not to exceed 40*l.* per annum. Seriously, it is strange that a sensible man, as Mr. Wall evidently is, can put faith in so visionary a scheme, even though it be of his own projecting.

#### MUSIC

##### ITALIAN OPERA—KING'S THEATRE.

ON Saturday last Donizetti's new opera of 'Anna Bolena,' composed expressly for Pasta and Rubini, was represented at this theatre for the second time, it having been produced on the preceding night for Pasta's benefit. The *libretto* of this piece contains better poetry than the common run of *libretti* since the days of Metastasio, but the plot is meagre to a degree, although fiction has freely been called to the aid of historical matter of fact.

In representing this unhappy queen, Pasta had an opportunity of uniting, in the same part, the prominent beauties of every character in which she had previously distinguished herself, displaying by turns, the most elevated dignity, the tenderest melancholy, and the sweetest pathos. Although forcibly reminded of Medea, Desdemona, and Nina, we found no direct resemblance to either of those characters—the likeness being no other than that which must necessarily exist in a perfect representation of the same passions. Pasta was evidently indisposed at the outset; she sang the 'Come innocente giovane' and the 'Non v'ha sguardo,' a little out of tune; but, having rallied, she went through the remainder of the part with her usual excellence.

Rubini was likewise unwell, and unable to sing the air 'Nel veder la tua costanza,' which had been *encored* on the preceding night. We think that, on this occasion, some apology was due to the public, who are not always treated with becoming deference at this theatre.

The part of *Jane Seymour* was sustained by Madame Gay, from La Scala. This lady can scarcely be considered a second-rate singer. Her voice is a thin wiry *soprano*. Her person is good, but her acting poor and mannered. Lablache looked and acted the bluff tyrant admirably, and his singing was in his very best style.

It has been much the fashion to decry Madlle. Beck; but we feel that the critics have

not done her justice. The *contr'alto* voice is seldom so precocious as the *soprano*, and that of Madlle. Beck, who is only nineteen years of age, has not yet attained maturity. We are ready to admit that there is a coldness in her singing and acting, but it is the coldness of timidity, and nothing more. We saw sufficient on Saturday to justify our assertion, that she feels much more than she dares express—and that, if not discouraged by ill-judged and premature criticism, she will become an ornament to the musical drama. Let us recollect what Pasta was the first time she came to this country, and what she has achieved since her powers have received their full development. Madlle. Beck looked very pretty as the page *Smetton*, and sung with much taste and sweetness the aria 'Dek! non voler costringere.' She had our hearty applause, which was re-echoed around us.

An amateur in the pit asked our opinion of Donizetti's music. Had we given it our unqualified approbation, we should have belied our better judgment. Donizetti is of the Rossini school, and Rossini is a dangerous master to imitate, because his music is full of defects, which the brilliant emanations of his powerful and original genius can alone conceal. In this work, besides the *Rossini passages*, the author has pilfered very largely from 'L'Ultimo Giorno di Pompei,' improving, however, all that he has condescended to take from the latter. The general effect of the music in 'Anna Bolena' is good, and here and there are to be found passages of power and original beauty. It would seem as if the genius of the composer sometimes carried him beyond the influence of his model; and there is enough of original conception in the present work, to show that if Donizetti would trust to the inspirations of his own unbiased genius—if he would shake off the trammels of imitation, and never descend to plagiarism, he might produce works of a high order; but, as a whole, the music of the 'Anna Bolena' must be considered a failure, and the success of this opera is due alone to the powerful talents of Pasta, Rubini, and Lablache.

'Les Bayadères,' a new ballet by Deshayes, succeeded the opera. Not being able to comprehend the plot, we shall content ourselves with stating, that Taglioni, Brocard, and Le-feuvre, danced admirably to Auber's pretty music—at least, so we were informed, being ourselves unable to see them; for at the beginning of the ballet the seat before us was taken possession of by a lady whose head was surrounded by a halo—not of glory—but of lace and artificial flowers, in a triple row full eight inches deep. Such preposterous head-dresses are by no means becoming, and, in a public theatre, are an intolerable nuisance.

##### SIGNOR LANZA'S THIRD SUBSCRIPTION CONCERT.

THE chief attractions of this Concert were the performance on the guitar of Giulio Ragondi, a boy eight years of age, who bids fair to do as much for this instrument as Paganini has done for the violin;—a solo on the latter instrument, by Master Cooper, twelve years of age, a pupil of Spagnoletti's, in which this young gentleman displayed an extraordinary precocity of talent;—and several Swiss airs beautifully sung by Madame Stockhausen.

Mr. W. H. Holmes also executed on the pianoforte a capriccio of his own composition, which was by no means devoid of merit. We would advise this gentleman to get rid of the trick of suddenly snatching his fingers from the instrument, as if every now and then the keys became red-hot. Not only has it an awkward appearance, but it affects his style of playing more than he is aware of. The other pieces, chiefly vocal, were executed by the pupils of Signor Lanza.



## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Characteristic Quadrilles: in Imitation of the Styles of five celebrated Composers.* Composed by Louisa Sophia Dance. Cramer & Co.

Those who have a taste for that innocent and pleasing branch of the talent of imitation, which Miss Dance seems, from the specimen before us, to possess, will be much amused by the neatness with which the peculiarities of the several composers are hit off; and those who have not, will find a set of quadrilles gratifying to the ear and exciting to the foot. If we must select, we should say that the 'Cramer' is the prettiest composition as a whole; but the imitations are good throughout.

*L'Allegresse, No. 7. Zerbini's 34th Set of Quadrilles, selected from Spohr's Opera, 'Azor and Zemira.'* Johanning & Whatmore.

THE gravity and science of Spohr's music must, it may be imagined, render it especially unfitted for the use made of it by Zerbini; but, as quadrille airs are formed out of every species of music, 'Azor and Zemira' must have its chance of degradation along with 'Mosè in Egitto,' and therest. Five very danceable melodies are formed by the adapter, who has certainly infused into them a very appropriate gaiety, and character fitted for his purpose.

*Melodies of the Singers of the Alps of Styria, in form of Waltzes, for the Pianoforte: the subjects by the Styrian Alp-singer, Carl Fischer.* Johanning & Whatmore.

TEN very pretty and characteristic melodies, arranged in a familiar manner, and therefore available by the multitude of performers upon the pianoforte of moderate attainments.

*Weber's last Thoughts: the Poetry by A. W. Arnold; the Arrangement of the Music by W. Hawes, the publisher.*

TITS is one of the best adaptations yet offered, of poetry wedded to the celebrated and elegant last Waltz of poor Weber. It is arranged and brought out in excellent taste, and the title-page is embellished by an extremely good portrait of the composer of Der Frieschütz.

*O men, what silly things you are! The favourite Cavatina, arranged in a brilliant style for the Harp, by Bochsa.*

THE author's attempt at brilliancy leads him to induce the performer to tear the harp to pieces. Eleven pages of noisy "*Allegro con fuoco—con forza e ben marcato*," unrelieved by a single bar of sentiment, grace, beauty, or expression! Unfortunately, it has become the fashion with harp-players to sacrifice all these qualities to execution and display.

## THEATRICALS

## ENGLISH OPERA—ADELPHI.

CIRCUMSTANCES still preventing Mr. Arnold from having a theatre of his own to receive the public in, the English Opera Company are once more at the Adelphi. The house opened on Monday week with a drama called 'The Feudal Lady,' the first new production, in point of order, though, as we are bound to suppose, not in point of merit, of the present season. We were, as stated last week, unavoidably absent; and, whatever might have been our opinion of the drama in question, had we seen it, we have now only to record, that it was produced and withdrawn. Before it had completed the first week of its existence, it passed from the hands of the journalist into those of the historian—and there we leave it.

On Tuesday last another new drama was presented here, called 'The Haunted Hulk.' This

piece, we are happy to say, seems destined to better fortune than its immediate predecessor: although success on a first night of performance is dependent upon so many chances of the moment, that, for all we know, it may not be a bit more deserving. There is nothing particularly new in the plot: but two or three rather good situations arise out of the manner in which it is treated. An outline of it may be given in a small space. Richard Oakum and Stephen Barncliffe, two sailors, have been friends from infancy, although their duties have separated them for some years. Oakum is employed in the preventive service, and Barncliffe on board a king's vessel, which, at the opening of the piece, is supposed to be cruising off the coast. Barncliffe has been ashore on leave, and, having had a sleeping potion administered to him by Caleb Calder, a dealer in marine-stores, who has done it to gratify an old grudge, has over-stayed his time, and is advertised as a deserter. His secret is known only to Suzette Barncliffe, his sister, who is engaged to Richard Oakum. Barncliffe chooses an old hulk for his hiding-place, and is there nightly visited by his sister, who navigates her own boat, and is disguised in a white dress. This causes a report to be spread that the hulk is haunted. Oakum follows her one night in order to ascertain the truth of the apparition-story, and surprises his mistress in the arms of a supposed rival. Suzette dares not clear up the mystery, because, if she were to do so, her lover would be bound in duty to apprehend her brother as a deserter: and her brother would be bound in something else. A strong situation of jealousy ensues, which is heightened by her forcing Oakum to assist in the escape of Barncliffe without attempting to discover who he is, on pain of seeing her throw herself into the sea in case of refusal. Oakum at length complies, rows away with Barncliffe, and returns time enough to save Suzette from the rising tide. Other hair-breadth escapes occupy the second act; and, in the end, Barncliffe is pardoned through the instrumentality of an officer of the preventive service, who, in the disguise of a pedlar, has learned the facts of the case. Caleb Calder, now become captain of a free trader, who has in the meantime captured Barncliffe, carried him on board his vessel, and refuses to give him up, is shot; and all the rest live, or are supposed to live happily. Thus it will appear that the scene is laid on the coast—the hulk is laid on the shore—and the ghost is laid in the hulk. This nautical drama, built under the superintendence of that experienced play-shipwright, Mr. Fitzball, is pretty much after the fashion of others previously constructed by the same hand at the same yard. If not put together in the best style, it is at least creditably done; and, having met with no accident in the launching, and having taken the water during a spring-tide of public favour, we trust it will keep it long enough to make an ample return to the owner for the capital embarked.

Mr. Perkins played Richard Oakum with great earnestness and feeling—his acting was good and natural throughout. Mr. T. Millar, in Stephen Barncliffe, had not much to act, but he sang two songs (one of them, we believe, his own, and both of them pleasing,) with much taste and expression. He has a delightful voice. Mr. O. Smith looked and played Caleb Calder, a salt-water savage, to the life. Miss Pincott in Suzette, was natural, sensible, and correct—but she might have been more forcible. We told this young lady last year, and we tell her again, that she will only do herself more justice, if she will throw herself with more self-abandonment into her characters. She has experience and good sense enough to remove any fear of her going wrong. A cockney lover, called Sam Sprouts, is grafted on to the piece, and Mr. John Reeve, in personating him, was as droll as the

part admitted of. A comic song, the music of which, by Mr. Hawes, is almost too good for the occasion, was given by Mr. Reeve in his best style, and unanimously encored. His love, a flaunting Miss, who comes from town to reproach him with inconstancy, was very well represented by Miss Ferguson. She broke down in the second verse of her song, but that was an accident.

Miss Poole played, also on Tuesday, the four parts in 'Old and Young,' which used to be so admirably sustained by Clara Fisher. We could not pay this clever child a greater compliment, than to say that they lost little if anything in her interesting little hands. We have seldom seen an audience in better humour. The "shouts of laughter and incessant applause," which the play-bills give to every piece that is acted belong to this, almost without exaggeration. It will, no doubt, be frequently repeated.

## HAYMARKET THEATRE.

ON Thursday, a new comedy, in five acts, called 'The School for Coquettes,' and written, as we understand, by Mrs. Gore, was brought out here. We are happy in being able to report its complete success. A five-act comedy is a great rarity now-a-days—and a successful one, a still greater. We have not space to enter into a detail of its merits and defects this week, but the former very much predominated; and we shall endeavour to do justice to them next. It will doubtless run for the present at any rate: and will therefore present as fresh a subject for criticism next Saturday as to-day. A very dull prologue was delivered with appropriate solemnity by Mr. H. Wallack, reminding us strongly of that written, if we remember rightly, by Garrick, and commencing—

"Prologues precede a play, in mournful verse,  
As undertakers walk before a hearse."

This was compensated for by a very lively and pleasant epilogue, which was particularly well spoken by Miss Taylor. The applause to the epilogue was very considerable, and the announcement for repetition seemed to give general satisfaction.

Until something induces the major theatres to give up the chandler's-shop system of play-bill puffing, we suppose it is idle to hope, and almost unfair to expect, any improvement either from the minors, or from the Haymarket and English Opera House, which are considered to stand between the two. We are sorry to observe, that both the last-named theatres continue a practice which we are convinced does them more harm than good. We must again remind them, that Madame Vestris, whose theatre was better and more profitably attended, than any other has been for several years past; did not allow a single puff in her bills from the first night of the season to the last.

## OCTOGENARIAN REMINISCENCES.

ABOUT the year 1759, there were two performers at the theatre in Edinburgh, each of whom was considered (in his own opinion, at least,) as a first-rate actor. Their names were Digges and Brown. There was, as might be expected, a constant squabbling between them for parts. At length, however, they came to a compromise; and it was settled that each should alternately fill the post of honour. Thus, when Digges played Macbeth, Brown played Macduff; and, when Brown was Macbeth, Digges was Macduff. This habit of changing characters was the cause of a little confusion in Digges's memory: for, one night, when, as Macbeth, he had exclaimed, "I bear a charmed life," he unfortunately added, partly in the words of Macduff, "for know, Macbeth was from his mother's womb untimely ripped." Brown (Macduff) instantly convulsed the house by roaring out, with evident

indignation, "No, by G—d, Sir, it was *I* who was from *my* mother's womb untimely ripped."

At the time that Quin was the hero of Drury Lane, an underling, of the name of White, used to play *Sivard* in 'Macbeth.' One evening, when that tragedy was being performed, White, knowing that he should not be wanted until the fifth act, was enjoying himself over a pot of porter in a neighbouring public-house. Two friends of his entered, and, seeing him there, one of them exclaimed, "So, Jack, how is this? I thought you said you were to act to-night." "Well," said the other, "and if he is, I suppose he has only got to carry on a message."—"A message," cried White, indignantly, "a message"—"I'd have you to know, Sir, that *I* play the *English General*,"—adding contemptuously, "*Quin* does the Scotch."

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF LOUIS-PHILIP, KING OF FRANCE, WHEN IN AMERICA.

[The friend to whom we have so often expressed our obligations for pleasant papers relating to America, has kindly transmitted to us the following, written by an American gentleman of the name of Neville. That which is professed to be the principal subject, from its relation to the reigning King of France, is, in our judgment, of much less value than the very clever and natural sketch, the character of the Chevalier du B—c; a sketch not unworthy the pen of some of the writer's more celebrated countrymen.]

THE elevation of the Duke of Orleans to the throne of France, recalls some early recollections; and if you will indulge me in the privilege of the fair Scheherazade, of digressing as much as I please, a paragraph or two is at your service.

It was probably in 1799 or 1800, that this distinguished personage, accompanied by his two brothers, Montpensier and Beaujolais, came to the western country. On arriving in Pittsburg, then a small village, they found one or two *émigrés*, who had formerly filled prominent stations under the *ancien régime*, but who were now earning a scanty subsistence in carrying on some little business of merchandize. One of them, the Chevalier du B—c, one of the worthiest of men, and an admirable philosopher, kept a little shop, then denominated, *par excellence*, a confectionary. The articles, and the only ones, by the way, entitling the Chevalier's to this attractive name, were the kernels of hazel-nuts, walnuts, and peach-stones, enclosed in an envelope of burnt maple sugar, *fabricated* by the skilful hands of the Chevalier himself. Du B—c was the most popular citizen of the village; he had a monkey of admirable qualities, and his pointer (Sultan) could, like the dog in the Arabian Nights, tell counterfeit money from good; at least, the honest folks who supplied our little market with chickens and butter, thought so, and that was the same thing. It was amusing to hear the master of the shop calling his two familiars to aid in selecting the good from the bad "leven penny bits." "Allons, Sultan, tell dese good ladie de good monaye from de counterfeit." Then followed the important consultation between the dog and the monkey; Pug grinned and scratched his sides; Sultan smelt, and in due time scraped the money into the drawer. As there were no counterfeit "leven pennies," Sultan seldom failed. "Madame," would my friend say to the blowsy country lass, "Sultan is like de Pope, he is infallible." Sultan and Bijou laid the foundation of this excellent man's fortune. They brought crowds of custom to the shop, and in two or three years he was enabled to convert his little business into a handsome fancy store. An attraction was then added to the establishment that diverted a portion of the public admiration from Sultan and the monkey: this was a Dutch clock, with a goodly portion of gilding, and two or three white and red figures in front, which, before striking, played a waltz. It was inestimable; this music had never before been heard in the west, and those who have been

brought up amidst the everlasting grinding of our present museums, can have no conception of the excitement caused by our Chevalier's clock. In these days, every unique piece of furniture, or rare toy, was believed to have formed a part of the *spolia opima* of the French Revolution, and most generally they were set down as the property of the Queen of France; therefore it was soon insinuated abroad that the Chevalier's clock formed one of the rare ornaments of the Boudoir of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette. When he was asked how much it cost, he evaded the question with admirable casuistry: "Ah, mon ami," he would say with sincere *tristesse*, "the French Revolution produce some terrible effect: it was great sacrifice; it is worth fifteen hundred Franche guinea." That, and the dog, and the monkey, were worth to the Chevalier 15,000 dollars, for he realized this sum in a few years, from a foundation of a few pounds of sugar and a peck of hazel-nuts.

Such was the Chevalier du B—c in his magazine; and he was a perfect illustration of the French character of that day, which could accommodate itself to any situation in life; it enabled the Minister of Marine to become, like Bedredde, a pastry-cook, and young Egalité, the present King of France, a schoolmaster in Switzerland. But this is only one side of the picture: Du B—c, when he closed his shop and entered into society, was the delight of his auditory. He was an accomplished scholar, possessed the most polished manners and habits of "*la vieille cour*." He was a younger son, or as the French people call it, he was the *cadet* of a noble family. He had travelled much, and observed profoundly. He had been to the "Holy Land," not exactly as a palmer, but being *attaché à la legation Française* at Constantinople, of which his relation, Sauf Bœuf was the head, he took the opportunity of travelling through as much of Asia as was usually examined by European travellers. Such was my early friend Du B—c, to whose instructions and fine *belles lettres* acquirements I am indebted for some of the most unalloyed enjoyments of my life, by opening to me some of the richest treasures of French literature; and such was the man whom the sons of Orleans found in a frontier American village. I do not remember the definite destination of the interesting strangers; but certain it is, that the Chevalier du B—c induced them to while away a much longer period in Pittsburg than could have been their original intention. He proposed to introduce the travellers to Gen. N—, whose house was always the temple of hospitality, where he was in the habit of dining every Sunday, and at whose table and fire-side the unfortunate *émigré* was sure to find a hearty welcome. The General at first received the proposition with coldness; he said he had been a soldier of the revolution, the intimate of Rochambeau and Lafayette, and of course entertained a feeling of the deepest respect for the memory of the unfortunate Louis—not as a monarch, but as a most amiable and virtuous man. He insisted that no good could spring from the *amou* exciter of the Jacobins, the profligate Egalité. "Mais, mon Général, (said the Chevalier, with a shrug of the shoulders, and a most melancholy contortion of his wrinkled features,) ils sont dans la plus grande misère, et ils ont été chassés comme nous autres par ces vilains sans-culottes." The Chevalier knew his man, and his *bonhomme* prevailed upon the General. "Eh bien! Chevalier, allez rendre nos devoirs aux voyageurs, et qu'ils dinent chez nous demain." The strangers accepted the courtesy, and became intimate with and attached to the family of the kind-hearted American. The charms of the conversation of the Duke of Orleans, and his various literary attainments, soon obliterated for the moment the horrible career of his father, from the minds of his hearers.

If my boyish recollection is faithful, he was rather taciturn and melancholy; he would be perfectly abstracted from conversation, sometimes for half an hour, looking steadfastly at the coal fire that blazed in the grate, and when roused from his reverie, he would apologize for his breach of "*bienséance*," and call one of the children who were learning French to read to him. On these occasions I have read to him many passages, selected by him from 'Télémaque'; The beautiful manner in which he read the description of Calypso's Grotto, is still fresh in my memory. He seldom adverted to the scenes of the revolution: but he criticized the battles of that period, particularly that of Jemappé, with such discrimination, as to convince the military men of Pittsburg, of whom there were several, that he was peculiarly fitted to shine in the profession of arms.

Montpensier, the second brother, has left no mark on the tablet of memory by which I can recall him; but Beaujolais—the young and interesting Beaujolais—is still before "my mind's eye." There was something romantic in his character; and Madame de Genlis's romance, the 'Knights of the Swan,' in which that charming writer so beautifully apostrophizes her young ward, had just prepared every youthful bosom to lean towards this accomplished boy. He was tall and graceful, playful as a child, and a universal favourite. He was a few years older than myself; but, when together, we appeared to be of the same age. A transient cloud of melancholy would occasionally pass over his fine features in the midst of his gayest amusements: but disappeared quickly, like the white cloud of summer. We then ascribed it to a boyish recollection of the luxuries and splendours of the Palais Royal, in which he had passed his early life, which he might be contrasting with the simple domestic scene then passing before him. It was, however, probably, in some measure, imputable to the first sensation of that disease which, in a few short years after, carried him to his grave.

One little circumstance made a singular impression on me. I was standing one day with a group of Frenchmen, on the bank of the Monongahela, when a countryman of theirs passed, who was employed in the quarter-master's department, as a labourer, in taking care of flat boats. Pierre Cabot, or, as he was familiarly called French Peter, was dressed in a blanket capot, with a hoop in place of a hat, in the manner of a Canadian boatman, and in moccasins. Du B—c called after him, and introduced him to the French princes. The scene presented a subject for moralizing, even to a boy. On the banks of the Ohio, and in exile, the representative of the first family of a nation who held rank of higher importance than any other nation in Europe, took by the hand, in friendly and familiar conversation, his countryman, whose lot was cast among the dregs of the people, and who would not have aspired to the honour of letting down the steps of the carriage of the man with whom he stood on a level.

Peter was no Jacobin—he had emigrated from France before the philanthropic Robespierre and his colleagues had enlightened their fellow-citizens, and opened their eyes to the propriety of vulgar brutality and ferocity. Honest Cabot, therefore, felt all the love and veneration for the Princes, which Frenchmen under the old regime never failed to cherish for descendants of the "grand monarque." It was a great favourite with old Peter; the next time I met him he took me in his arms, and exclaimed, with tears in his eyes—"Savez-vous, mon enfant, ce qui m'est arrivé? j'ai eu l'honneur de causer avec monseigneur, en pleine rue. Ah! bon Dieu, quelle chose affreuse que la révolution!"

The brothers, on quitting Pittsburg, left a most favourable impression on the minds of the

little circle in which they were received so kindly. The recollection of the amiable Beaujolais was particularly cherished; and when the news of his death in Sicily, a few years after, reached the West, the family circle of Gen. N— expressed the sincerest sorrow.

The Chevalier du B—c, after realizing a snug fortune by industry and economy, removed to Philadelphia, to have the opportunity of mingling more with his countrymen. On the restoration of the Bourbons, his friends induced him to return to France, to resume the former rank of his family. But it was too late; the philosophical emigrant had lived too long in American seclusion, to relish the society of Paris, for habits had changed there too much to be recognized by him. The following is a translation of a paragraph from one of his letters to his old friend, the late Gen. N—, soon after his arrival in Paris:

"I am again on the stage where the delightful days of my early youth were passed; but, my dear General, I am not happy—I feel like the old man in one of your English tales, forty years of whose life had been spent in prison, and who had been discharged by the clemency of a new monarch, only to find that his relatives and friends were all dead, and that his own name had been forgotten; he begged the Emperor to re-commit him to his prison. I find myself actually sighing for the little circle of your family, and for my little store on the banks of La Belle Riviere. I am a stranger in Paris, unknown and unknown. I am surrounded by new faces, new names, new titles, and what is more embarrassing, by new manners. What a change! The metamorphosis is worthy the pen of Ovid—it is the transformation of the lovely and graceful nymph into the rough and rigid tree. You may accuse me of speaking like a Frenchman, but I cannot help saying that the elegance and polish of French society, so long the glory of the world, is gone for ever. The few grey-headed specimens of the old court, like myself, who have returned, are insufficient to restore it. We have *soirées* now, but the charms of the '*petits soupers*' are no more to be found. Music has not retrograded, certainly; but dancing, my dear sir, except on the stage, is nothing like what it was *bono sub Ludovico*. Yet, do not understand me as meaning to convey the idea, that upon the whole, things are not better. That wonderful man who is sent to St. Helena, although a tyrant of the first order, will have many of his sins forgiven in this world, for the liberal encouragement he gave to the arts, science and literature. More correct notions of government are cherished, and if the old royalists will only encourage the new king to adopt and appreciate the vast changes in society and thinking, all will go well; but I acknowledge, my dear friend, that I doubt the prudence and common sense of my old friends, particularly of those who remained in Europe. As a patriot and philosopher, I must bear witness to the improvement and advancement of my country since the revolution: as a man, however, I cannot but mourn; the storm has not left a single shrub of my once numerous family; the guillotine has drank the blood of all my race; and I now stand on the verge of the grave, the last of a name whose pride it once was to trace its progress through all the distinguished scenes of French history for centuries back. With the eloquent savage, Logan, whose speech you have so often read to me, I can say, that 'not a drop of my blood runs in the veins of any living creature.' I must return to America, and breathe my last on that soil where my most contented days were passed."

The Chevalier never returned, however: he lingered away his time in the different sea-ports of France, until death finally arrested his mortal career in the city of Bordeaux. N.

#### MISCELLANEA

*Diffusion of Knowledge.*—We learn from the *Westminster Review* that Prince Talleyrand has been instructed to propose to our government, that it shall send to Paris one copy of every work published in England, and that, in return, the French government will send to this country one copy of every work published in France. The English works to be deposited in the National Library at Paris, and the French works in the British Museum, and both for the use of the public.—This would certainly be an exchange honourable and serviceable to both parties. Of every work published, even of this paper, eleven copies are delivered to Chartered Colleges by order of government—many to be stowed away and worm-eaten in certain obscure corners of this kingdom. Now, we cannot but believe, that one of these would be more serviceably disposed of by being deposited in the National Library at Paris than at the College of Aberdeen, and be read by quite as many Englishmen, to say nothing of foreigners.

*Queen Anne's Farthing.*—In eagerness to seize an apparent advantage, reason is often made subservient to most unreasonable expectations. Some years ago an auctioneer, to make himself of notoriety, put up to sale what he called a Queen Anne's Farthing, and nominally sold it for upwards of five hundred pounds, which gave him an opportunity to make an attractive advertisement. This intelligence reached the remotest parts of the kingdom; and a poor man, a tenant on the property of the Marquis of Stafford in Sutherland, found, as he supposed, one of these treasures; and, as he thought it much too valuable to trust to any ordinary conveyance, he brought it up to London himself, travelling the greatest part of the way on foot; but when he arrived, and it was shown to Mr. Taylor Combe, of the British Museum, he was mortifyingly disappointed to find it a Nuremberg counter, with Queen Anne's head upon it, and not worth the farthing it represented.—From the time this puff of the great value of a Queen Anne's farthing appeared in the newspapers, Mr. Combe, the late keeper of the coins and medals in the British Museum, paid more than twenty pounds for the postage of letters addressed to him on that subject. Among these, was one from a private soldier, who said, if he could only get three or four hundred pounds for it, to buy him a commission, it would be a lucky farthing to him.—During the reign of Queen Anne no farthings were coined; but, just before her death, a coinage was contemplated, and several dies were engraved, and trial-pieces struck: of these, there are eight of different dies in the British Museum; and the one considered the most rare, is valued by collectors at about two guineas.—*Duppa's Maxims, MS.*

*A Pleasant Stage-coach Companion.*—A remarkably tall man travelling inside of a stage-coach, greatly incommoded the occupant of the opposite seat, by the disposition of his feet. For many stages, the sufferer bore his fate with heroic fortitude, and no word of complaint escaped his lips, until the coach again stopped to change horses, when the tall gentleman, unfasting the door, exclaimed, "Well! I shall just get out and stretch my legs a little."—"Don't, for God's sake don't!" replied the other, "they're too long already!"

*A Singular Adventure.*—Once upon a time a traveller stepped into a stage coach. He was a young man just starting in life. He found six passengers about him, all of them grey-headed and extremely aged men. The youngest appeared to have seen at least eighty winters. Our young traveller was struck with the singularly mild and happy aspect which distinguished all his fellow passengers, and deter-

mined to ascertain the secret of a long life, and the art of making old age comfortable; he addressed the one who was apparently the oldest, who told him that he had always led a regular and abstemious life, eating vegetables and drinking water. The young man was rather daunted at this, inasmuch as he liked the good things of life. He addressed the second, who astounded him, by saying he had always eaten roast beef and gone to bed regularly fuddled, for seventy years, adding, that all depends on *regularity*. The third had prolonged his days by never seeking or accepting office—the fourth by resolutely abstaining from all political or religious controversies; and the fifth by getting to bed at sunset and rising at dawn. The sixth was apparently much younger than the other five—his hair was less grey, and there was more of it—a placid smile, denoting a perfectly easy conscience, mantled his face, and his voice was jocund and strong. They were all surprised to learn that he was by ten years the oldest man in the coach. "How," exclaimed our young traveller, "how is it you have thus preserved the freshness of life?"—"It is no great mystery," said the old man, "I have drank water and drank wine—I have eaten meat and vegetables—I have held a public office—I have dabbled in politics and written religious pamphlets—I have sometimes gone to bed at midnight, got up at sunrise and at noon—but I ALWAYS PAID PROMPTLY FOR MY NEWSPAPERS."—"We thought it better to tell this '*singular adventure*' before we interpreted it. It is extracted from an American Paper recently received, and is a hint to such of the subscribers as were tardy in payment. It is quite equal to the best days of our lotteries, when the Carrolls and Bishes were in their bloom."

*Witticism of Ferdinand.*—In 1827, an inhabitant of Avila, was cited before the Bishop, for saying that there was no devil. The Bishop ordered him to be imprisoned and tried in the Ecclesiastical Court. There the prisoner not only admitted the truth of the charge, but resolutely maintained his opinion, and at last assigned his reasons. "I had always been," he said, "a faithful believer, but finding that nothing throve with me, I expended all the remaining money I had, in purchasing masses to our Lady, in order that she might bless my exertions, but to no purpose. At last, being reduced to the utmost poverty and misery, and having heard that the devil gives wealth to those who sell their souls to him, I wrote, according to established form, with my own blood the customary bond, and went for twenty successive nights into the fields, and called aloud to him, but he never came. Now, I am sure that had he been in existence, he would have come, for no man ever called on him with more fervency or sincerity." The Ecclesiastical Court upon this, condemned him to be transported for ten years. A cousin of his who was physician to the King, and had great influence with his Majesty, ventured to solicit that the sentence might be changed from transportation to confinement in a mad-house, and on what seemed to most people very intelligent grounds, the evidence in the Ecclesiastical Court. "Indeed," said Ferdinand, "I'll do no such a thing. Suppose that somebody should endeavour to persuade the world that there were no diseases; you would be violently angry, because without diseases your trade would be at an end: now, without devils, how do you think the priests could live? Your cousin's madness, if madness it be, deserves the greatest punishment; and I wonder that the Ecclesiastical Court were so lenient with a man who attacked so directly the root of their power." In spite, however, of this piece of wit, Ferdinand granted the petition, and the poor man was taken to a mad-house. Unfortunately, he there continued to preach up his novel doctrines, when one of



the inmates, who fancied himself Astaroth, finding his very existence denied, beat him so violently, that he died within a few days.

**Division of the Circle.**—The degree of accuracy with which certain mathematical instruments are now commonly divided, is so extraordinary, that its possibility might be doubted, were the statement merely recorded in history as one of the surprising efforts of an ingenious people. As our readers may easily satisfy themselves on the subject, we will call their attention to the following facts. The common sextant used by mariners generally shows every ten seconds of the circle to a radius of eight inches, by means of a nonius: now, the space occupied by ten seconds to such a radius is only  $\frac{1}{1600}$  of an inch; and, therefore, if any of the divisions were unequal only by the 5000th of an inch, the error would be readily detected by any one who used the instrument. In smaller instruments of the same kind the accuracy is still more apparent, for in some of the pocket-sextants of  $1\frac{3}{4}$  inch radius, the divisions are carried to thirty seconds, which requires the lines to be accurate to  $\frac{1}{7200}$  of an inch. This extraordinary accuracy, while it evinces the greatest mechanical skill, is at the same time productive of the most important advantages to navigation; for were the error of division in a sextant to amount to the two thousandth of an inch, it would cause an error of about thirty miles of longitude in a lunar observation! It is, however, a strange circumstance, that the use of sextants, and the practice of lunar observations, should be confined to the navy and the larger class of merchant ships; for ships and brigs of two hundred tons and under, seldom have them; neither does it often happen that their commanders could work the necessary calculations for the purpose of finding the longitude.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of Month.	Thermom. Max. Min.	Barometer. Noon.	Winds.	Weather.
Tue. 7	73 57	30.10	E.	Clear.
Fri. 8	72 54	30.18	N.E. to N.	Cloudy.
Sat. 9	84 58	30.10	Var.	Clear.
Sun. 10	69 55	29.77	S.E. to S.	Rain.
Mon. 11	79 59	29.75	Var.	Clear.
Tues. 12	72 56	29.50	E.	Rain.
Wed. 13	70 54	29.47	S.	Ditto.

**Prevailing Clouds.**—Cumulus, Nimbus, Cirrostratus. Mornings fair, except on Wed. Nights fair, except on Tues. and Wed. Thunder on Sun. P.M. Mean temperature of the week, 62½.

#### Astronomical Observations.

Moon in perigee on Fri. at 2h. A.M.  
Venus and Saturn in conj. on Fri. at 1h. A.M.  
Venus's geocen. long. on Wed. 5° 2' in Leo, even star.  
Mars's " " " " 14° 16' in ditto, ditto.  
Sun's " " " " 26° 16' in Cancer, ditto.  
Length of day on Wed. 16h. 12m.; decreased, 22m. No night.  
Sun's horary motion on Wed. 2' 23". Logarithmic number of distance, .007118.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS

**Memoir of Cabot.**—It is most painful to us to revert to this subject: the writer's sensitiveness awakens all our humanity; but we cannot allow a second column of disingenuous argument to pass without comment. The question lies in a nutshell. The writer of the Memoir says, Lardner asserts that "Hojeda met with English navigators near the Gulf of Maracaibo," and the writer of the Memoir adds, that "a sufficient authority is supposed to be found for it in the language of the *Document already quoted*." Now, Lardner refers for his authority to *Navarrete*, tom. iii. p. 41. "Our wrong-doing then amounts to this, that in quoting the Memoir we corrected the blunder; the passage in the *Athenæum* stood thus, (p. 420.) Lardner asserts that "Hojeda met with English navigators near the Gulf of Maracaibo, and a sufficient authority is supposed to be found for it in the language of *Navarrete*." Now, if Lardner does refer for his authority to the document, we are wrong; if he refers to p. 41 of *Navarrete*, we are right: and the curious may satisfy themselves by turning to the 'History of Maritime and Inland Discovery,' vol. ii. p. 33. It also deserves to be remarked, that the expression, "the contested passage," was first used in the *Athenæum*; and to find that passage, reference must be made to its pages.

It was pleasant to read the letter of T. T., and his dreams of perfectibility. Writers must make election between delay and incompetence. Respecting his last suggestion, it does not apply to the paper, but to the time of the year: now that the Societies are closed, we have again room for Original Papers. We need hardly say that we hope he will put his intention in force, and let us hear from him again.

• Change of Air, next week, if possible.

Several advertisements came too late for insertion: they should be forwarded on or before Thursday, to ensure a place.

**Errata.**—In our first notice of the 'Memoir of Cabot,' p. 420, col. 3, line 3, the word "malignity" was by mistake printed with inverted commas; and in the second notice two literal errors were also made by the printer in the Spanish quotation—but they are not worth pointing out.

#### Athenæum Advertisement.

#### NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

**Forthcoming.**—Parts III. and IV. of Professor Weber's Anatomical Atlas.

**Just Published.**—An Analytical Digest of Cases reported in the *Law Journal*, and in all the contemporary Reports during the years 1822 to 1828. 4to. pp. 618., 1l. 11s. 6d.

**Just subscribed.**—Chance's Treatise on Powers, royal 8vo. Vol. 1. 1l. 1s.—Tales of a Physician, by W. H. Harrison, 2nd series, 1 vol. cr. 8vo. 7s. 6d.—Gooch on Diseases of Women, 2nd. edit. 8vo. 12s.—History of the Northmen, or Norsemen, from the Earliest Times, by Henry Wharton, 8s.—Milton's Fall of Jerusalem, 8vo. 6th edit. 8s. 6d.—The Child's Own Book, 7s. 6d.—Ben Howard, or, the Pedlar and the Publican, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Aunt Mary's Picture-Book; Uncle's Present to the Nephew; Good Child's Picture-Book, 1s. 6d. each.—The New Estate, or, the Young Traveller in Wales and Ireland, plates, 7s.—Bell on Chorea, 5s. 6d.—Waldie's Journey from Constantinople to England, 4th edit. 8vo. 6s.—Dode on the Incarnation, 18vo. 12s.—A Preparation for Euclid, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Robinson Crusoe, with Life of the Author, 8s.—Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare, 5th edit. 7s. 6d.—Huskisson's Speeches, 3 vols. 8vo. 2l. 2s.—Dates and Distances, 8vo. 5s. 6d.—The Dutchman's Fireside, post 8vo. 1l. 1s.

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**TO LADIES and GENTLEMEN, Riding,** Driving, Promenading, visiting close Assemblies, or enjoying Aquatic Excursions, the following Genuine Articles are indispensable for Personal Comfort and Attention:

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FOR THE SKIN AND COMPLEXION;  
A mild and innocent preparation, powerfully efficacious in rendering the Skin delightfully cool and refreshing, thoroughly exterminating ERUPTIONS, TAN, PIMPLES, REDNESS, and all cutaneous imperfections; producing a Delicate WHITE SKIN, and JUVENILE GLOW to the Complexion; preserving it from the HEAT of SUMMER; affords Soothing Relief in cases of SUN-BURNS, STINGS of INSECTS, or any inflammation. It immediately allays the smarting irritability of the skin, distinguishes PLEASANT COOLNESS truly comfortable and refreshing; affords soothing relief to Ladies nursing their offspring; warranted perfectly innocuous for the most delicate Lady or Infant.

TO GENTLEMEN after SHAVING, and travelling in the sun and dust, it allays the irritating and smarting pain, and renders the skin smooth and pleasant.—Price 4s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. per Bottle, duly included.

To prevent imposition, the Name and Address of the Proprietors is engraved on the Government Stamp, affixed over the Cork of each Bottle. All others are spurious.

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The first production of the age, and the Original and Genuine; a Vegetable Production, possessing wonderful salubrious properties, superior to all other preparations, for IMPROVING and BEAUTIFYING the HAIR, is pre-eminently successful in preventing the Hair falling off, or turning grey, &c. and adding a most fascinating appearance to that invaluable ornament; preserving and beautifying it during TRAVELLING, BATHING, and VIOLENT EXERCISE, and retaine its vigour to the latest period of life. Price 3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d., and 21s. per Bottle.

#### CAUTION.

In consequence of imitations, it is necessary to notice that each Genuine Bottle of the Original MACASSAR OIL is enclosed with a Treatise on the Hair, in an envelope, which has a NEW LABEL, tastefully engraved; the words "ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL," in three different patterns; also the Name and Address, in Red, on Lace-work.

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For CHANGING RED or GREY WHISKERS to BLACK or BROWN.—Price 4s. 6d., 7s., and 10s. 6d. per Bottle.

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For Cleansing, Preserving, and Beautifying the TEETH and GUMS.—Price 2s. 9d. per Box.

The above Articles are sold by the sole Proprietors, A. ROWLAND & SON, 20, Hatton-garden, London And most Perfumers.

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**JONES'S PATENT PROMETHEANS,** for producing Instant Light, without the aid of a Bottle or any apparatus, and, unlike any other fire-box, of whatever description, there is no possibility of their getting out of repair in any climate. This is the most simple and best mode of producing Light ever invented. No bed-room, drawing-room, or counting-house should be without them; for cigar smokers they are unequalled on coach, horseback, or sea, in any current of air, they still retain their fire, and emit, on being burnt, a fragrant perfume; are perfectly innocent and free from danger.

#### JONES'S LUCIFERS, OR CHLORATE MATCHES.

This is a very simple and cheap mode of producing instant Light, simply by drawing the Match through Sand Paper, and will never impair by keeping. 1s. per Box. May be had of all respectable Chemists, Tobacconists, &c. throughout the Kingdom. As these Matches are now imperfectly imitated by an unprincipled fellow, to prevent disappointment please to observe that others are now substituted without the name and address, 'S. Jones, Light House, 201, Strand.'—The following inventions and improvements by S. Jones, are sold wholesale and retail:—

#### S. JONES'S NEW PHILOSOPHICAL PASTILE,

For perfuming and disinfecting dining, drawing, and bed rooms; the most simple and elegant Pastile ever invented, for large houses and crowded apartments. They will be found to emit the most fragrant perfume that can be imagined. They burn with any kind of spirituous perfume, such as Eau de Cologne, Lavender Water, &c., which may be varied at pleasure. The expense of burning is not One Penny per Hour.

#### S. JONES'S TRINAS,

for boiling half a pint of water in three minutes.

#### BACHELOR'S DISPATCH,

for boiling a quart of water, and cooking a steak, chop, or eggs, in nine minutes.

PERFUMIST CONJURORS, and every description of PORTABLE KITCHENS, for ships, boats, gipsy and water parties, from 10s. 6d. to 14 guineas, to cook from one to twenty dishes. Merchants and Captains will find it to their interest to visit the LIGHT HOUSE, 201, STRAND.—N.B. The New Kitchen is kept going on Tuesdays and Fridays, from one to three o'clock.

**BAKER and MACQUEEN'S CONCENTRATED SOLUTIONS of the CHLORIDES of SODA and LIME,** for restoring the vitality of the blood, and prepared strictly according to the formula of the DISCOVERER, M. LABARRAQUE, of Paris, to whom mankind is indebted for the discovery of an agent most extensive in its application, and little short of miraculous in its effects.

Without taking up the time of the public by printing nonsense about labels and wrappers, where no exclusive right exists, Baker and Macqueen are content to pledge themselves that the genuine articles will be found inside their bottles, they having determined to adhere pertinaciously to the directions which M. Labarraque has given.

#### THE PRINCIPAL PROPERTIES OF THE CHLORIDES ARE,

To prevent Infection from Small-pox, Measles, Cholera Morbus, Scarlet and Typhus Fever, &c.  
To keep Meat, Fish, and Game sweet in the hottest weather, and to restore them when tainted.  
To purify bad or dirty Water.  
To disinfect Sick Chambers and all crowded Places.  
To destroy Garden Insects.  
To remove Stains from Linens.  
To correct all offensive Odours, from whatever cause arising; &c. &c. &c.

May be had of all Wholesale Druggists and Patent Medicine Vendors; and sold retail by all respectable Chemists, Grocers, Oilmen, &c. In Glass Bottles, 1 Line, 2s.; 2s. 6d.; 4s.; accompanied by full directions for use in all cases.

#### Literature, Fine Arts, &c.

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1. **AN ESSAY ON INDIGESTION, or MORBID SENSIBILITY OF THE STOMACH and BOWELS,** as the proximate Cause, or characteristic Condition of Dyspepsia, Nervous Irritability, Mental Dependence, Hypochondriacism, and many other Ailments, with an improved Method of Treatment, medicinal and dietetic.

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"Dr. Johnson is a vigorous and independent thinker, while his opinions are slightly tinged with cynicism, which gives them an agreeable relief. His style is clear, bold, and expressive; so that when he least aims at effect, he leaves a more vivid impression on us of the object of his reflections, than others would by an elaborate description."—*Morning Herald*.

"The Author, out of his abundant stock of knowledge and reflection, has constructed a volume with which all classes will be pleased."—*Atlas*.

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"This work is so spirited, so full of sound moral reflection—so correct, and so impartial, that we scarcely know where to find its equal. It is a classical and philosophical tour. It is impossible to dip into any part of it, without having the attention rivetted and the fancy pleased."—*London Med. and Surg. Journal*.

Published by S. HIGGLEY, 174, Fleet-street.

**NOTICE.**—The EXHIBITION of the NATIONAL REPOSITORY, GALLERY of the Royal Academy, CHANCERY CROSS, PATRON, the KING.—THE FOURTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of this Institution is NOW OPEN daily.

Admittance, 1s.; Catalogue, 1s.  
T. S. TULL, Secretary.

**THE WEST OF SCOTLAND FOURTH EXHIBITION of LIVING ARTISTS,** under the Patronage of the Glasgow Dilettante Society, WILL OPEN this Season on the 6th of August.

Works of Art intended for this Exhibition will be received till the 20th of July.

(Signed) JOHN CLOW, Secretary.  
Exhibition Rooms, Argyll Arcade.

**Note.**—The Works of Art which the Directors hope to be favoured with from London, may be sent to Messrs. S. Reynolds and Co. Dundee Wharf, Lower Hermitage, on or before the 23rd July, by whom they will be forwarded (carriage free) to Glasgow.

#### ROYAL CLARENCE VASE.

**THE Nobility, Gentry, and Public are respectfully invited to visit this colossal and magnificent Work of Art, which, for grandeur of design and splendour of execution, is unequalled.**

This Exhibition has been honoured by the presence of Her Majesty, and many of the most distinguished Nobility and acknowledged Judges of the Fine Arts, who have all been pleased to express their high admiration of the novelty of the invention and the dazzling beauty of its appearance.

The Vase is exhibited in a room, elegantly fitted up, at the QUEEN'S BAZAAR, No. 73, OXFORD-STREET, from Ten to six o'clock.

Admittance, 1s.

**AT the ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING** of the Proprietors of the GENERAL CEMETERY COMPANY, held at EXETER HALL, on TUESDAY, the 13th of JULY, 1851, for the purpose of receiving the Report of the Provisional Committee,

Viscount MILTON in the Chair,

The following Resolutions were unanimously agreed to:

It was moved by Viscount Ingestre, and seconded by G. F. Carden, Esq.

That this Report be received, and entered on the minutes.

It was moved by Sir John Dean Paul, Bart., and seconded by Robert W. Slevier, Esq.

That the Meeting approve of the Contract entered into by the Committee for the land on the Harrow Road, measured in the Report, and that the Committee be authorized to complete the purchase thereof.

It was moved by the Earl of Denbigh, and seconded by Sir Robert Price, Bart.

That the Provisional Committee be re-appointed for another year in lieu of Directors, and that they have the full power of Directors during that period.

It was moved by Colonel J. Kyrle Money, and seconded by Andrew Spotswood, Esq.

That the Provisional Committee be requested to take the proper measures for obtaining the necessary Act of Parliament.

It was moved by Sir Henry Pynn, and seconded by George Robert Paul, Esq.

That William Fryer, Esq. and Thomas Cornish, Esq. be re-appointed Auditors.

It was moved by George R. Paul, Esq. and seconded by Sir Robert Price, Bart.

That George Frederick Carden, Esq. be re-appointed Treasurer.

It was moved by J. S. Clark, Esq., and seconded by Edward Foss, Esq.

That Charles Broughton Bowman, Esq. be re-appointed Secretary and Solicitor.

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